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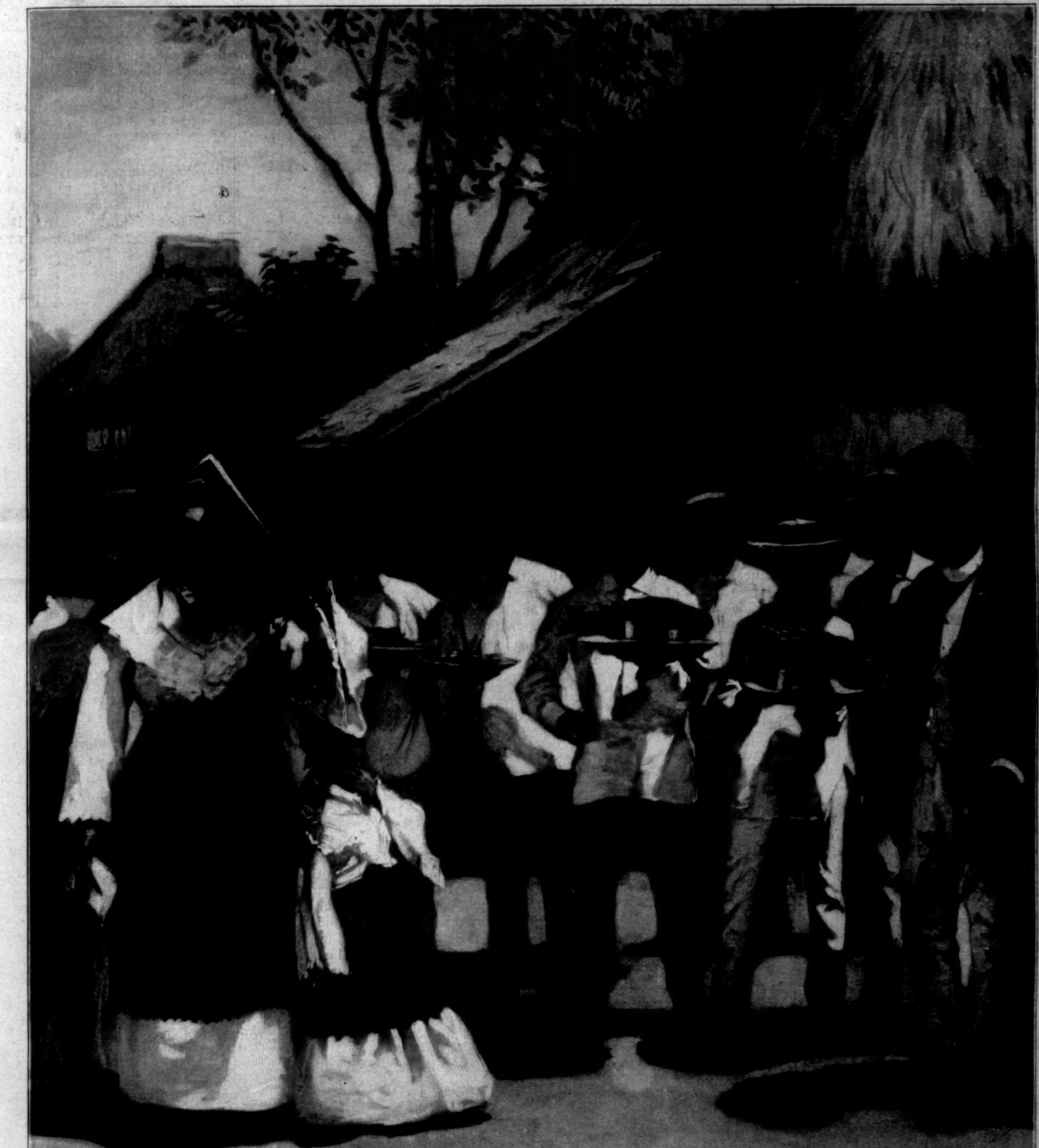

HOLY WEEK IN THE PHILIPPINES—THE GOOD-FRIDAY PROCESSION AT CAVITE.

DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(*TWENTY-EIGHT PAGES*)

NEW YORK CITY, APRIL 1, 1899

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American Rule in Cuba

THERE is no doubt that very good work is being done in Cuba and in Puerto Rico by the military officers who are in charge of the various divisions or departments of those islands. We know more of the affairs of Cuba than of Puerto Rico, mainly because the island is nearer than Puerto Rico to this country, and because the relations between the people of the larger island with those of the United States are more intimate. Our own correspondent, Mr. **Franklin Matthews**, has made a recent visit to the central and southern parts of Cuba, and he is now telling the story of his journey to the readers of the **Weekly**. We are sure that we are within bounds in saying that never before has there been narrated the history of such a sudden change in the methods and character of a government. The appearance of the United States military authorities in this old Spain-ridden island has been followed by a transformation as rapid and complete as if it were the work of a magician's wand. Cleanliness has succeeded to filth; honesty to corruption; energy to sloth; efficiency to inefficiency.

When the American soldiers took possession of Cuba, the political, social, and sanitary conditions prevailing in the island were such that they cannot be compared with anything known to North-American life. In politics corruption, ignorance, and incompetence marked every branch and grade of the public service. The customs officials stole from the merchants. The merchants robbed the government by bribing the appraisers. Every tax was milked before it reached the treasury. Not a single official duty was performed because it was duty, but for money. Vice purchased the liberty to flourish, and at every point of contact between the citizen and the official the tax-payer was bled and the government was robbed. From the bottom to the top the plundering went on, the amounts of money stolen increasing as the grade approached the palace of the Captain-General, who was the chief criminal. Not a ruler has been sent by Spain to the island who has not made or fattened his fortunes on the spoils taken from the unlucky Cubans. Indeed, it may be truthfully said that Cuba is not a whit the better for the rule of a single Spanish Captain-General.

Under the rule which was carried on for the enrichment of Captain-Generals, and for the profit of Spanish merchants at home and in the island, every tax-payer and all business interests were under the harrow. The simple peasant and the small merchant were taxed unduly for everything supplied them by the government. The tobacco and sugar growers were robbed in so large a measure that their ability to pay at all afforded a striking evidence of the wonderful wealth of the island. Not only was business compelled to bear this enormous burden of unjust taxation and of simple robbery, but social life was corrupted, vice reigned in Havana and the other cities, while filth, wretchedness, and poverty were wellnigh universal. In no savage city in the world can the filthy conditions be worse than were those of Havana, as Colonel **Waring** and General **Greene** described them. Cesspools under the houses themselves went uncleaned for weeks, and then, when the stench became unbearable, were emptied in such a manner that the houses themselves became pest-holes. The very harbor was a reeking breeder of disease, while the island itself has for years been a constant threat of infection to our Gulf States.

The United States government has been in Havana since the 1st of January, and all this has changed. Mr. **Matthews** tells us that the streets of the city are as clean as are those of New York under Tammany rule—not a complete revolution, it is true, but a vast improvement, as great as could possibly have been expected within the time. Even the foul harbor has been cleared of some of the accumulations of ages. For various reasons no sewers have yet been built, but the utmost care is taken in the cleansing of the cesspools, and the death and health rates of Havana have been enormously improved. A new police force has been established, and the rough elements are just now engaged in vigorous and even violent protest against an earnest and, to them, an inexcusable attempt on the part of the civic authorities to preserve order and to compel decency. The merchants of Havana—first driven to consternation by an order which prevented them from making favorable terms with custom-house clerks, then astonished by the frank ingenuousness of Colonel **Tasker Bliss**, the Collector, and Mr. **Donaldson**, his expert assistant—are now delightedly, and for the first time, paying duties on their imports to men who neither rob nor accept bribes.

The change is delightful. What is going on in Havana under General **Ludlow** is also going on in the provinces under Generals **Wood**, **Wilson**, and **Davis**. All these officers have performed their new duties with energy and intelligence, and they know more about the people within their several jurisdictions than was known by all the Spanish officials in all the centuries during which Spain has ruled in Cuba together. This, however, is not the rule of the American politician. It is not a government carried on under the authority of Congress, and by agents appointed by the President on the recommendation of Senators and Representatives. These officers are not "boys" and strikers who have been sent to Cuba to reward them for services done to the party, but officers of the United States army who are exercising arbitrary power, and who are doing their duty and performing their tasks after their honorable and praiseworthy manner. They are showing us what we all know, perhaps, that the honest and capable American citizen is fitted for any responsibility that may be thrust upon him. There is no doubt that we have among our seventy millions of people many thousands of men who are quite able to carry on colonial government as these army officers are carrying it on. They are the kind of men who are made presidents of railroads and other great industrial enterprises, and who are put at the head of large financial and trust companies. But, being that kind of men, they desire and command large salaries, much larger than the government pays to any of its servants except the President. They also insist on and obtain fixed or permanent tenure of office—at least during good behavior. They are not the kind of men who are in need of small four-year jobs, like many of the men whom our Presidents appoint as consuls and Governors of Territories. Therefore, if we are to keep up the excellent work now in progress in Cuba, and presumably in Puerto Rico, we must either maintain the soldiers and their arbitrary authority, or adopt a system which shall give to our colonial possessions, if we are to keep them, the services of American citizens who are capable of carrying on those distant governments in a manner that will benefit their people and reflect credit on the mother-republic.

ON Monday, March 20, Mrs. **Place** was executed by the State of New York, having been convicted of the murder of her step-daughter. The killing of a woman by the law is always a serious shock to the community, and invariably raises a question in the minds of intelligent and sympathetic persons as to the righteousness of capital punishment. Whether the State has a right to kill its murderers or not is one question. Whether or not such killing is in accordance with the principles and practices of Christian civilization is quite another question. There is no doubt that legal killing is a survival of barbarous times, and that when the world grows better capital punishment will cease, and will then be remembered as one of the evil incidents of a bygone age. Neither is there any doubt in our minds that were it not for the abuse of the pardoning power in many of the States where capital punishment has been abolished, the crusade against the practice would have an infinitely greater chance of success at present. But it has come to be a belief, founded upon many facts, that murderers in these States now escape with a very short term of imprisonment. If the perpetual incarceration of those who kill could be made certain, a strong argument which now sustains the gallows and the electric chair would cease to exist. In this particular case some of the leading women suffragists of the country took a prominent part. They insisted among other things that the law of capital punishment should not be executed against women. In taking this ground they demonstrated absolutely their own incapacity for the exercise of public duties, including the right of voting. In other words, they showed that if they were admitted to the suffrage they would add one more element—and a very large one—to that part of the population, which is increasing, which fosters disrespect for the law; and such disrespect, as much as anything else, is injuring our political state. So long as the law exists, it must apply equally to all persons. There are too many privileged classes already in the community to warrant the addition of women murderers. Moreover, women would do very much more effective work against what they regard as the sin and disgrace of capital punishment if they would unite in a general movement against it, instead of devoting their energies to the saving of criminals of their own sex from its operations.

THERE will be two Democratic dinners in New York in honor of **Jefferson**. One is organized by the Democratic Club, and the other by a congeries of persons who want a cheaper meal than Mr. **Croker** desires, and more principles. The Democratic Club's dinner is to be furnished at the rate of ten dollars a plate, and no principles are to be announced. The cost of the other dinner is to be one dollar a plate, and there is to be at least a kind of general harmony among the guests as to the fundamental principle that the country belongs to the under man. It is interesting to know that neither the Democratic plutocrats nor the Democratic proletariat are willing to endorse **Bryan** and the Chicago platform. Mr. **Bryan** declines to come to the Democratic Club dinner, because Mr. **Belmont**, who is the president of the club, and who sent him his invitation, very properly opposes **Bryan's** 16-to-1-socialistic platform and his candidacy. He says that Mr. **Belmont** is not a Democrat, and therefore ought not to celebrate **Jefferson's** birthday. It is an interesting quarrel, and we would not take sides in it for the world, but we think it due to the truth to say that Mr. **Belmont** is the Democrat and that Mr. **Bryan** is not. Mr. **Belmont** does not believe in debasing the currency and in cheating the private or the public creditor. He does not believe in socialism, but is a strong advocate of popular rights and self-government, which lead inevitably to individualism. Mr. **Bryan's** position is practically the opposite of this. If it were necessary to denominate his principles we should say that he is an exaggerated Republican, or a **McKinley** man gone mad. Mr. **Belmont** is a true Jeffersonian, and if **Thomas Jefferson** were alive to-day he would probably form a party in which Mr. **Belmont** would naturally be found, while Mr. **Bryan** would as naturally range himself with its opponents.

THE Civil Service Reform Association of Pennsylvania has written a letter to Mr. **William R. Merriam**, the director of the twelfth census, which we trust will make some impression upon that gentleman. The association bases its letter upon the announcement that Mr. **Merriam** is not to make his appointments under the Civil Service Act, but is "to use practical men for the purpose, upon the recommendation of Senators and Representatives from the States as to the capacity of those whom they designate for appointment, and subject to such further regulations as the director of the census may make." The Civil Service Reform Association points out—what is the truth—that Mr. **Merriam's** method is simply "the familiar and discredited spoils system"; that "it was followed with most disastrous results in taking the last census"; and that "every executive officer who has tried it and who has a conscience has come to the conclusion that Mr. **Merriam's** way is the wrong one, and that the civil service reform way is the right one. Even Mr. **Porter** has come to that view, after he had tried his best to do what Mr. **Merriam** is now setting out to do. Mr. **Carroll D. Wright**, who had charge of the last census at its conclusion, says that two million dollars and more than two years' delay might have been saved if the census force had been brought into the classified service. The President of the Pennsylvania association, Mr. **Herbert Welsh**, being also at the head of the unofficial Indian service, gives Mr. **Merriam** a pertinent illustration of the evils which result from his spoils system to these helpless wards of the nation. It is probably too late to do Mr. **Merriam** any good. He will doubtless insist upon being a spoilsman, but at least he will not be able to say, when he comes to the end of his work and finds how costly and ineffective it has been, that he was not warned in time by men who should have given him warning.

THIS BUSY WORLD. *By E. S. Martin*

GARDENING is no longer an important industry on Manhattan Island, except as it is carried on by the city in the public parks. Shanty-town is gone, and with it most of the local truck-gardening; and though there is a great sale of plants just now, and more of it coming, and though the wagons of the agricultural hucksters stand at the curb on many streets loaded with sod for householders' front yards, the mind has not much chance to occupy itself with local problems concerning shrubs and trees and flower-beds. That is one of the drawbacks to having a fixed abode in a crowded town. The New-Yorkers who really live in New York, and do not flit until the schools close or the heat drives them away, miss much that is salutary and delightful in foregoing all chance to make, or tend, gardens in the spring. For the spring is the time of year when gardening is most fun. Then, for a few weeks, there are no weeds to speak of, and no bugs. The flowers that come up are those that were already in the ground, and no later flowers can make a showing in which the ratio of pleasure to backache is quite so satisfactory.

There are comparatively few American towns where gardens are impossible, but New York is one of them. While the suburban folk, and people who live in the real country, or in cities where the houses are detached, are walking out on their own grass, looking at their own shrubs, and gathering violets, maybe, of their own growing, the best Manhattan can do is to read about such delights, and envy the possessors of them. There is good reading of this sort in Mr. Samuel Parsons, Jr.'s., *How to Plan the Home Grounds*, which offers timely counsel, born of long experience, about lawns and gardens, small and big, and how to make the most of them. Mr. Parsons was the superintendent of the parks of New York in the era preceding the present rule of The Organization. He seems to have in mind the great multitude of Americans who have a little land about their dwellings when he says, in his preface, that "it is always just as simple and just as difficult to lay out a small yard 25 × 100 feet as a gentleman's great country place of many acres." That will be a new idea to many persons, and as the little places are many and the big places comparatively few, its suggestion that it is worth while to make the most of limited opportunities is of very widespread application. Except, perhaps, the public gardens in cities, there is no form of gardening where the same amount of work gives equal pleasure as in that cultivation of dooryards which forms one branch of the broad subject of which Mr. Parsons treats.

NEXT to Colonel Roosevelt, the most successful patriot in New York State is Miss Helen Gould. Others of us have patriotic impulses, but when we strike a spark there is usually no tinder handy, and the flash is apt to be all there is of it. Not so with the Colonel; not so with Miss Gould. He, when the late war-cloud began to grow ominously black over Washington, snuffed the battle afar off, swapped the type-writer for the field-glass, and made a personal reconnoissance of the path of glory. So Miss Gould, when war came, felt a pressing impulse to act, and acted. Her station in life being at one end of a very long-handled lever, her action was effective enough to make her famous, and bring her the thanks of the government and a gold medal from the State Legislature.

The burning of the Windsor Hotel a fortnight ago did nothing for Colonel Roosevelt, but it brought Miss Gould another chance to do a public service, and, of course, the chance did not go unimproved. Her house at the corner of Forty-seventh Street and Fifth Avenue received as many of the injured as were brought to it, and sheltered them as long as it seemed safe to let them stay there. After the fire was under control, and the house itself was out of danger, Miss Gould devoted her resources to the refreshment of the firemen and others who worked all night over the ruins, and so uplifted them with food and hot non-spirituous liquids as to win the grateful acknowledgments of the force. Fire-Commissioner Scannell has since communicated to Miss Gould his intention of sending to her and her brother gold badges which will entitle them to pass the fire-lines at any fire in Greater New York.

The northeast corner of Forty-seventh Street was a mighty hot corner while the Windsor was burning. The normal feminine impulse would have been to put one's valuables in a hand-bag and get out. Miss Gould did send away some of her possessions, but she did not go herself. It must be that her impulses are not quite of the normal feminine sort, and that, no doubt, is why she gets official letters of acknowledgment and medals.

AN excellent way for the British government to show that high degree of good-will which it is understood to feel towards the American people would be to build, or purchase, and maintain a suitable dwelling in London for the American ambassador. We would not wish that it should be offered to him rent free. That would not be proper. Let him pay rent, but let the rent be as low as is consistent with the dignity of the ambassador of a rich country. We could not guarantee that every ambassador would rent a house so provided, but if it was a suitable edifice, and properly equipped for its business, and the rent was low, as suggested, it would probably have a tenant most of the time. If it stood vacant now and then between ambassadors, or during the term of an ambassador who thought himself too poor or too rich to live in it, the British Empire would of course be a little out of pocket, but such losses would be trifling in comparison with the great convenience it would be to London to have the American ambassador well housed most of the time.

Great Britain would profit, too, by the increased amiability of American ambassadors if relieved from the strain and vexation of house-hunting, to which at present each ambassador is subjected in turn, and which at last reports Mr. Choate was undergoing.

If the British Empire won't provide a house for our representative, is there no rich philanthropist who would undertake it? Mr. Andrew Carnegie seems ready to put up any sort of a building anywhere that shows a fair prospect of being useful to mankind. He has scattered libraries about with a lavish hand, both in America and Scotland. The other day, on the spur of a moment, he offered $250,000 to build a public library in the city of Washington, provided that Congress would give a site and maintain the institution. That much money would doubtless provide a very fair ambassador's house in London, which Mr. Carnegie could afford to rent for $10,000 a year, and in the case of a very poor ambassador for much less. No doubt he would be glad to do it if the idea came to him in just the right way.

And there is Mr. William Waldorf Astor, whose business is real estate, and who has important holdings in London already. For Mr. Astor to provide a house which our ambassadors could rent would be a most natural and proper thing.

Congress might do it, but there is no prospect that Congress will. The last Congress had a half-a-billion-dollar war to pay for, besides other large expenses, and though no one can truly assert that it felt poor, it was too deep in reformatory enterprises to make even a small investment in London real estate. When a man is deeply engrossed in throwing double-eagles at bull-frogs to hinder them from eating mosquitoes, you can't for the moment expect him to bother with the needs of his hired men. The next Congress will doubtless be very busy also, and will have large colonization bills to pay, so that only a confirmed optimist can hope that it will stop to buy a London house. It is a pity, but there ought to be help for it somewhere. If only some one would start a little company with a capital of two or three millions to build and rent houses to American ambassadors and ministers in Europe, Americans who have the travel habit would surely float it. It would be a fair investment, since, besides the moderate dividends that such a company might pay, there would be a valuable possibility of some day selling out the whole concern at an advance to Uncle Sam.

DELAWARE, though not a big State, seems large enough to contain the rudiments of a very healthy public opinion. Her citizens do not always recognize an impropriety when they see it, but when they do recognize it they feel about it as they ought to feel. Lately, for example, Mr. Addicks the gas man has been trying to have himself chosen Senator from Delaware. The Legislature voted on him for weeks, but could not elect him; and finally its time expired, leaving Delaware with only one Senator. There was a group of Addicks Republicans that stuck by its owner from first to last. Delaware folks did not mind that. They expect Addicks Republicans to vote for Addicks, that being their chief end. But when, at the very end of the session, three Democrats voted for Addicks, Delaware went nearly crazy. All three were reviled and upbraided, in public and in private, in the Legislature and out of it, from the moment their votes were cast, and it appeared at last accounts that all of them would find it necessary to leave the State. Delaware apparently can stand a reasonable venality, such as the whole power of Addicks is based on, but she is shocked at treason. There must be virtue in a Statelet in which a question of propriety can rouse such strong emotions.

Practical politics seems to be wisdom up to a certain point, but if you don't happen to have enough idealism in you to locate that point, all of a sudden, as you trudge along, you put your foot down on something that isn't there, and down, down, down you go, and the young men come in and shovel out your quivering remains.

JOSEPH MEDILL, of Chicago, who died on March 16, was one of the noted editors of the country, the founder of the Cleveland *Leader*, and, later, the controlling owner and editor of the Chicago *Tribune*. He was a founder, too, of the Republican party, which got its name in his editorial office in the Cleveland *Leader* building in March, 1854. He was of Scotch-Irish stock, was born in 1823, in St. John, New Brunswick, and nine years later moved with his family to Stark County, Ohio. There he grew up, got a public-school education, studied law, and (1846) was admitted to the bar. But circumstances soon led to his buying in 1849 a small weekly paper at Coshocton. He conducted it with vigor for two years, helped to win a Whig victory, and then sold it and moved to Cleveland, where he started the Free-Soil morning paper which, a year later, became the Cleveland *Leader*. This paper he conducted for about four years, during which the Whig party died and was buried and the Republican party was born.

In 1855 Mr. Medill sold the *Leader*, bought an interest in the Chicago *Tribune*, and became its managing editor. He was then thirty-two years old, in excellent health, able to work very hard, and full of interest in politics. The *Tribune* had five owners, who worked together to good purpose, so that it flourished. Mr. Medill was its chief editor from 1863 to 1866, and was at all times part owner of the paper and one of its head men, but it was not until 1874 that he bought a controlling interest in its stock and became permanently its editor.

Mr. Medill was pressed into service as Mayor of Chicago after the great fire of 1871, and drew up a new charter for the city, which was passed by the Legislature, and which gave him powers enough to do good service. He always favored the reform of the civil service, and when the first civil service bill was passed providing for a commission, President Grant appointed him one of the commissioners. It was of this commission that George William Curtis was at the head. Mr. Medill served a year on it. He was not a member of any future commission, but always gave the civil service movement vigorous support in the *Tribune*.

AN old friend of the WEEKLY writes from Chicago to claim for her grandfather the distinction of being the original inventor of iron-clad war-ships. He was Thomas Gregg, a Quaker, of Pennsylvania, who seems to have reasoned that the next best thing to keeping men from fighting was to keep the fighters from getting hurt. On March 19, 1814, he patented an iron-clad ball-proof vessel, for which between then and 1850 he tried hard to obtain governmental recognition. One of the Duponts of Delaware tested his invention with a cannon, and is said to have been greatly pleased with the principle, which also found favor with a number of Congressmen. But the times were not ripe for it. The idea that an iron-clad ship could be of practical use was ridiculed, and the inventor spent thousands of dollars in tests and experiments without ever receiving official recognition.

On another subject this correspondent says: "We have been subscribers for HARPER'S WEEKLY, MONTHLY, and BAZAR for twenty-two years. Their educational value in our family has been inestimable. I would go without a new bonnet any time rather than do without them."

THE more the desire of the Gerry Society to be exempted from the supervision of the State Board of Charities is investigated, the less reason there appears to be for gratifying it. Nothing that has so far transpired as to the relations between the State Board and Mr. Gerry's society accounts for the society's restiveness under the very moderate supervision that the State laws provide. The conclusion which seems most reasonable is that the possession of autocratic powers has done the society a damage in making it intolerant of even the most reasonable regulation.

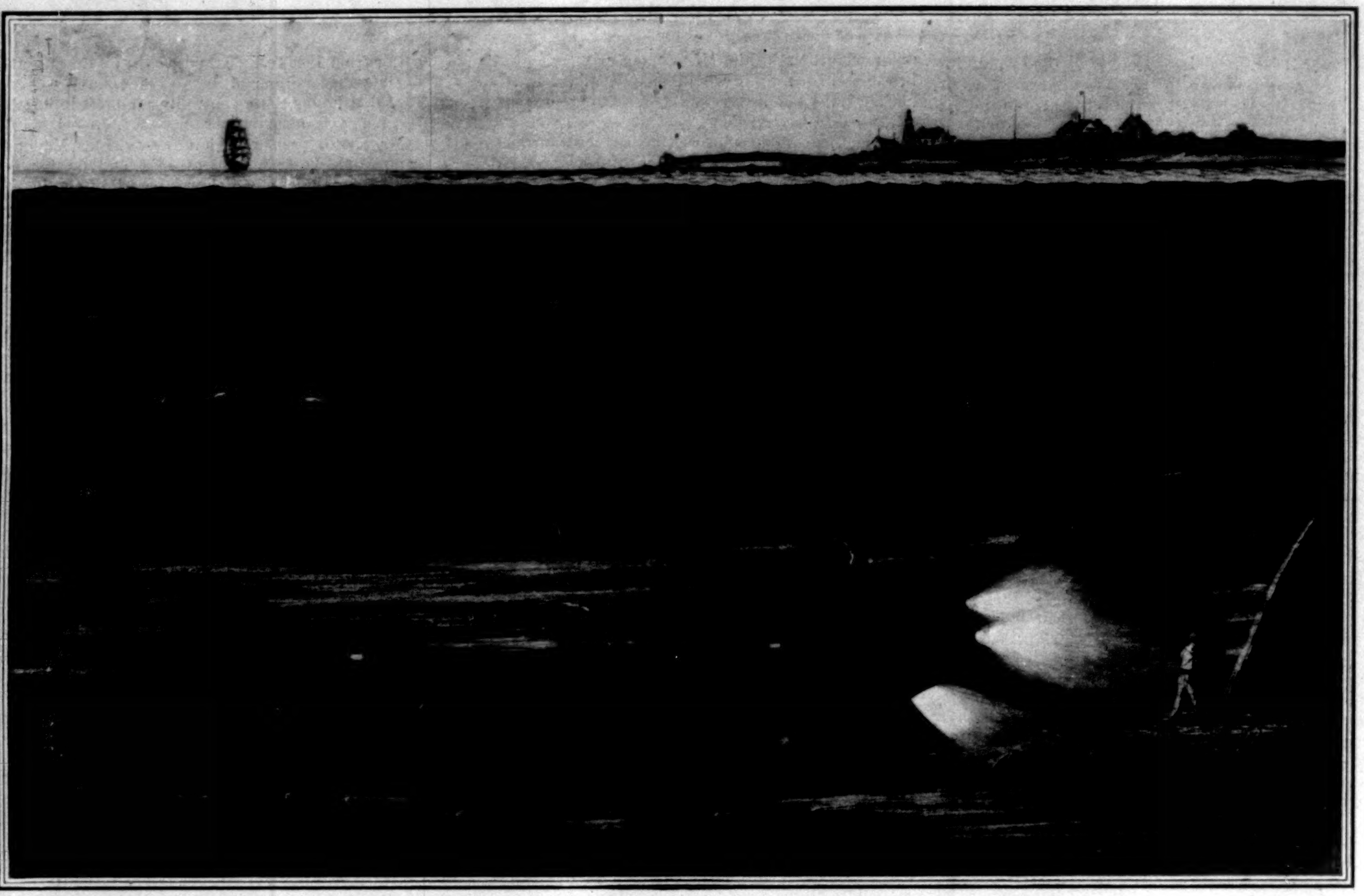
THE business of antarctic exploration is much more brisk just now than it has been for half a century, and the prospect is that it will continue to be lively for some years to come. One expedition is for the time being lost on the south polar continent; another has just been landed; another, an important one, is projected by the Germans, and will probably start next year, and the Royal Geographical Society hopes to send out a British expedition about the same time. The expedition from which news is most wanted at present is that of Lieutenant Gerlache of the Belgian navy, who sailed from Antwerp on the *Belgica* in August, 1897. Among his assistants is Dr. F. A. Cook, of Brooklyn, who joined the *Belgica* in South America. Lieutenant Gerlache's plan was to go south from Cape Horn to Graham Land about January 1, 1898, spend the antarctic summer in exploring thereabouts, and come back to Australia in April or May and spend the Southern winter there. He left the Cape Horn region late in December, 1897, and as he did not turn up three or four months later at Melbourne, it is supposed the *Belgica* was caught in the ice. Her second arctic winter is beginning now, and it is again time for her to be heard from. If the *Belgica* wintered safely in the antarctic continent she is the first ship to do so. If another Southern winter closes in on her, her fate will be matter for anxious consideration.

On March 16, word was received in London from New Zealand of the arrival there of the steamer *Southern Cross*, which had landed Mr. C. E. Borchgrevink with ten men and seventy Siberian dogs at Cape Adare in Victoria Land. Mr. Borchgrevink intends to winter at Cape Adare, and in the spring (October) will attempt a sledge expedition still farther towards the pole. The *Southern Cross* is to return for him about a year from now. He and Lieutenant Gerlache started in at points almost opposite and two thousand miles apart. It will be remembered that there is continuous daylight at the south pole from October to April.

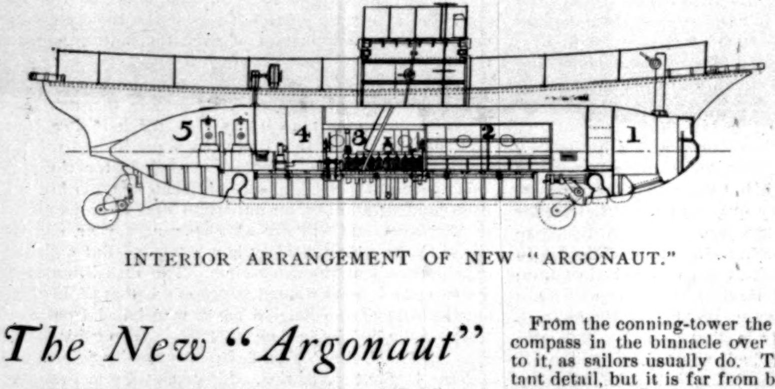
THE *Yale Alumni Weekly* represents the graduates of Yale as lying awake nights trying to think of new qualities which the new president of their university must have. They have got as far so to agree that, in the words of a very eminent contemporary poet,

> He must be a man of decent height;
>   He must be a man of weight;
> He must come home on a Saturday night
>   In a thoroughly decent state.

Furthermore, he must be a Yale man, not more than fifty years old, and in touch with Yale traditions; must wear his own hair, if any, and his own teeth, if possible. When the specifications are complete the candidates will be carefully sifted and considered, and the Yale corporation will proceed to make its choice. It is expected that they will choose a clergyman.



THE NEW "ARGONAUT"—SIMON LAKE'S IMPROVED SUBMARINE BOAT.
DRAWN BY C. McKNIGHT SMITH FROM PLANS FURNISHED EXCLUSIVELY TO "HARPER'S WEEKLY."



INTERIOR ARRANGEMENT OF NEW "ARGONAUT."

The New "Argonaut"

ABOUT two years ago Simon Lake, of Baltimore, designed and constructed a submarine boat of an entirely new type. The public, which is inclined to be sceptical regarding the success of submarine boats and flying-machines, paid little attention to the new invention. Ever since the days of Debrell people had been designing and building submarine boats, for which they had claimed, with little justification in attained results, that each was "the solution of the problem of submarine navigation."

Lake, who was a hard-headed, practical business man, who believed that "experience was the best teacher," ascertained whether his boat was or was not a success in the proper way—by cruising in her over a thousand miles on the surface and under water, by descending to the bottom over a hundred times, and by living, eating, and sleeping in her when submerged. With such a fund of experience to draw upon, he felt himself qualified to say that he *knew* the boat was successful, and to design an improved *Argonaut*, which will be launched during the coming summer, and which he asserts will actually be the long-looked-for "solution of the problem."

A most remarkable characteristic of the new submarine vessel, and one which will at once attract attention, will be that—to use a Hibernicism—it is not a submarine boat. It is rather a vessel designed to navigate on the surface, but able to go below the surface. The inventor has entirely abandoned the theory that a submarine boat must be shaped like a torpedo, a cigar, or a melon. When on the surface, the *Argonaut* will therefore seem, to the water-line, a graceful yacht sixty-six feet in length, without masts, but fitted with an imitation bowsprit.

This bowsprit is actually a collision buffer, acting on the principle of the pneumatic door-check or apparatus attached to great guns to take up and check recoil, and effectually protects the vessel from injury in a collision "bows on." From the centre of the water-tight steel deck will rise an oval conning-tower, or pilot-house, surmounted by a railed platform, and the binnacle. Aft of this will be the sand-pump for clearing away sand from the hold of a sunken vessel, pumping up coal, and uncovering the long-buried riches of the sea. The vessel will be entered through the pilot-house, which will contain the steering-wheel, apparatus for raising or lowering anchors, and means of controlling the supply of air from the surface.

As a rule, air will not be supplied from the surface through iron standing pipes, as in the old vessel, but through hose leading to buoys on the surface. As the hose may be of any length, while the standing pipes were only fifty-six feet long, the advantage of this change is obvious. The boat will carry compressed air sufficient to give the crew pure air for a day, as well as these surface connections.

From the conning-tower the helmsman looks up to the compass in the binnacle over his head, instead of down to it, as sailors usually do. This may seem an unimportant detail, but it is far from being such. In the French submarines and in many others the compass is useless, and the steersman has little or no idea of the direction in which he is heading. In its elevated position outside the hull on the *Argonaut* the compass proved to be entirely reliable, and the captain always knew "how she headed," and—by means of his cyclometer attached to the wheels—the exact distance travelled on any course.

Below the water-line, when afloat, the lines of the yacht body will melt into those of the cylindrical steel hull of the submarine boat proper, sixty feet long and about ten feet in diameter; and but for the presence of the propelling side wheels forward and the steering-wheel journalled in the rudder, the entire hull when seen in dry dock would resemble the hull of a modern gunboat. The side wheels of the new *Argonaut* will be only three feet in diameter, and will be so adjusted that they can be raised or lowered, increasing or diminishing the distance between the bottom of the vessel and the sea bottom.

Within the lower hull will be five compartments—(1) a divers' room, with sea door and lookout-room, in the bow; (2) a spacious cabin, with eight berths, table, pantries, and lockers; (3) an operating-room, with ladder to the conning-tower; (4) a galley, or cook-room; and (5) the engine-room, in the stern. In no diving submarine in existence at present is there a cabin, galley, or divers' room. As the larger reservoirs for air and gasolene will be placed in the yacht body, the boat will not be "packed with machinery." Nor will the agonizing noise of the engines and dynamos cause nervous prostration to the crew, as in other submarines, for the engines will be shut off from the living-room by a thick bulkhead.

Engines of great power to drive the screw, electric engines to drive the pumps, an electric-lighting system, a telephone system, and a ventilating and cooling system will be installed. The telephone system will enable divers outside the vessel to converse with the captain and with each other, a feat made possible by the discovery that the divers' room of the old *Argonaut* is a gigantic telephonic reservoir when filled with highly compressed air.

Provision will also be made in the new boat for close inspection of the bottom, by means of tubes closed with lenses and filled with compressed air. There will be provided six methods of forcing the boat to the surface, and all port-holes and openings will be scientifically guarded.

In peace the new *Argonaut* will do a wrecking business, clean the foul bottoms of ships (rising under them and sending out divers to stand on her deck), lay stone walls under water, fish for pearls, sponges, and treasure. In war she will roll over the bottom entirely unseen, place a mine under a ship, back away, and blow up the enemy, or cut cables under water and ruin the mine defences of harbors. In either peace or war she will be an addition to the American merchant marine of which Americans may well be proud. CHARLES SYDNEY CLARK.

Our Legation in China

EDWIN H. CONGER, our present minister to China, is a native of Illinois, where he was born some sixty years ago. He was appointed minister to Brazil by President Harrison, and named for the same mission by his long time friend and colleague President McKinley, who just a year ago transferred him to China, which has become one of the most important posts in the diplomatic service of this country. Mr. Conger is an international lawyer, a trained diplomatist, astute, far-seeing, sagacious. During his short residence in Peking he has been frequently called upon to adjust affairs of the utmost importance to this government.

The minister's family, consisting of his wife, their daughter, and his niece, Miss Pierce, accompanied him to China, and are pleasantly located in the quaint old house occupied by the United States Legation for many years. Shaded by locust-trees, and surrounded by a variety of shrubbery peculiar to the Chinese landscape, which is densely inhabited by magpies and crows, it stands in what is known as Legation Street, in a compound of about one and a half acres, enclosed by a wall some fifteen feet high. In the same park are the office building, a rather handsome modern structure, residences for the secretary and interpreter, stables, and servants' quarters. In the summer Mr. Conger lives among the "hills" at the base of the mountains, some twelve miles west of the city, in an old temple, which has been rented continuously by the envoys of this government since Mr. Burlingame's time.

Mrs. Conger upholds the traditions of the United States for generous hospitality, and was among those who enjoyed the unique experience of being the first foreign woman to have an audience with the Dowager Empress.

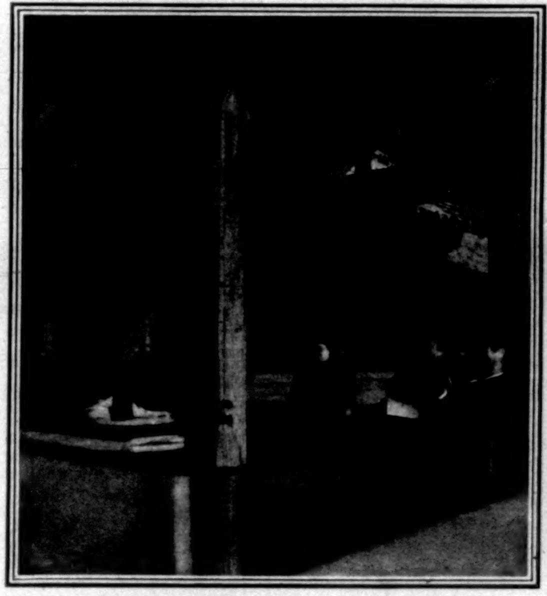
The occasion was in every way memorable. The United States, England, France, Germany, Russia, Holland, and Japan were represented by the wives of the ministers from these countries, who cherish, as a souvenir of the event, the beautiful rings of wrought gold set with rare pearls presented to them by the Dowager Empress. Besides the rings presented by the Empress to her guests, they received on their return home gifts of rich silk, tortoise-shell combs of rare workmanship, and, the most valued of all, a scroll of silk painted by the Empress's own hand. This remarkable woman made a most favorable impression upon her foreign visitors. She was cordial, hospitable, responsive, and her answer to the congratulatory address read by the doyenne of the diplomatic corps, Lady MacDonald, showed her quick and ready, and was warmly appreciated.

Owing to the unsettled condition of affairs in China, and the possibility of riotous outbreaks, last winter Admiral Dewey sent twenty marines and a Gatling gun under Lieutenant Dutton to protect Mr. Conger's Legation. Peking, however, is quiet again, confidence in the present government has returned, and the marines have been sent back to Admiral Dewey.

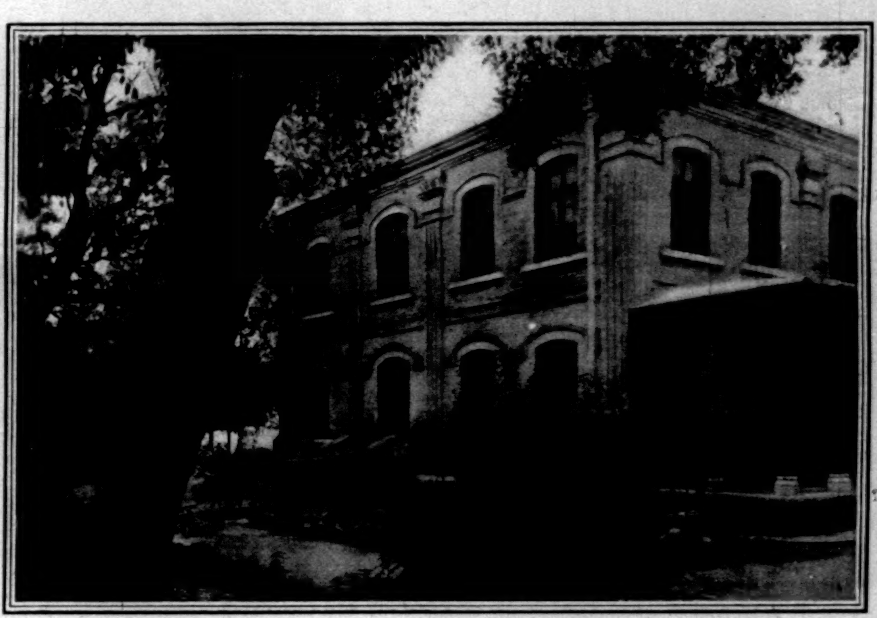
Mme. Pichon (French). Mme. de Giers (Russian). Mrs. Conger (American).

Baroness de Heyking (German). Mme. Knobel (Dutch). Lady Macdonald (English). Mme. Yano (Japanese).

THE WIVES OF THE MEMBERS OF THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS, WITH THEIR INTERPRETERS, AFTER AN AUDIENCE WITH THE EMPRESS-DOWAGER.



VERANDA OF THE AMERICAN MINISTER'S RESIDENCE, OVERLOOKING PEKING.



THE OFFICE OF THE LEGATION.

Minister Conger, his Family and Staff.

THE GUARD OF MARINES FROM THE CRUISER "BOSTON" AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE OFFICE OF THE LEGATION.

HON. EDWIN H. CONGER,
American Minister to China.

PEKING—THE AMERICAN LEGATION AND ITS INTERCOURSE WITH THE CHINESE COURT.

MUSIC

OPERA SEASONS AND OPERA REPERTORY

> "What's one man's poison, Signor,
> Is another's meat or drink."
> —*Love's Cure*, Act III., Scene 2.

LAST week saw concluded the famous opera season of 1898–9 at the Metropolitan Opera House. It will go into history—not merely New York's history—as having employed the largest, the most costly, and most brilliant company of singers ever united under a single management and for a single season of opera, so far as annals and trustworthy remembrances establish. The enormous initial expense of the company made the pecuniary outlook of Mr. Grau a problem. But by relying on the appetite of the American public for "star" performances, by a free movement in casting "stars," in the successive weeks, by an unsparing attention to the Wagnerian repertory, by a large number of performances outside of the regular system, and by subletting the services of singers in concert and opera for many leagues around the vicinity, the impresario has made money out of a great risk. More wonderful still, there has been a balance-sheet satisfactory to the Metropolitan's stockholders, and—a dividend!

Data of the Season.

Without dwelling on details, let there be recorded also these facts: Including the course of the seventeenth and last week of the season, advertised when I write, the number of representations will have been about an even hundred. The repertory of twenty-seven operas, as to performances, was this: "Lohengrin," 9; "Tannhäuser," "Faust," and "Roméo et Juliette," 7 apiece; "Les Huguenots," 6; "Don Giovanni," "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," and "Tristan and Isolde," 5; "Aïda," "Siegfried," "Götterdämmerung," and "Rheingold," 4; "Carmen," "Figaro," and "La Traviata," 3; the well-chosen novelty "Ero e Leandro," 2; and nine stock operas either twice or once. Some forty of the performances were of Wagner. The giving of the Nibelungen Tetralogy without the omissions that obtain on all stages except Baireuth's has been a special Wagnerian tribute, and three "cycles" of this kind have occurred. About $800,000 is mentioned as the cost of the season. The star casts have been unprecedented in cost, attractiveness, and drawing powers. The performances have been in German, French, or Italian, except as to the important detail of furnishing a chorus able to use whatever was the tongue of the principals for the performance. The chorus, so far as singing went, has been a good one. The orchestra has been mediocre, and the conductorships have not given continuous and adequate satisfaction. The mounting of the opera has been excellent in a few instances, but hackneyed and poor for the most of the works; and, all things recalled, the stage-management leaves a fluctuating impression of care and intelligence.

A Question of the late Season's Value.

No amiable and intelligent auditor of a season so arduous will feel personally aggrieved that Mr. Grau has sailed his course on a tide of prosperity. The reefs for all impresarios lurk like Scylla and stretch up their jaws like Charybdis. On the other hand, the actual musical value and interest of this famous season are gravely to be questioned by those who study music's welfare and opera's existence here. Particularly, too, the very future of all Wagnerism in the Metropolitan is seriously affected by considerations below the surface of public view, and concerned to a degree that all the crowded representations of the Nibelungen Tetralogy could not alter. The present and the future of American singers and composers are an important element that American writers on opera must not neglect. I want it understood that when writing this I am considering the welfare and mission of any sort of good opera here, especially the likelihood in seasons to come of good performances of Wagnerian opera. I lay aside wholly the topic of the relation of opera to concert interests through the demand on the public's purse made by the imported lyric drama and its exponents. That is another story, and a grave one.

The Basis of Opera at the Metropolitan.

Opera at the Metropolitan, given with adequate dignity and effect, with any approach to being a permanent pleasure here, is dependent on a sort of subsidy furnished by private purses—the subscription. On the Continent a formal subsidy from the city or state is paid the opera. In New York, a manager is put in charge whose policy promises operatic satisfaction to those concerned in supporting the season, and who expect a rather nominal pecuniary success. New York directors will be pleased if they escape extra assessments on the season's financial showing. They are not promoting opera to make money, and they are content if there come at the end no burdensome deficiency. Their manager, naturally and properly, wants to make what he can out of his charge. Now, large as is the public patronage of his season, he cannot in New York avoid bankruptcy—except with a cheap company—if the stock-holding subsidy and the box-holding subscription are not willing to be underneath all. If the manager can please the directors, the subscribers, and the outside public, then it is well with him. So has he these special duties, if he desires success—he must please his actual employers with his repertory and his singers and performances; please the many subscribers who are not of the subsidy; please the casual public; and please himself by making money, if he can, as well as by merely "coming out even" and receiving his salary or his part of the receipts. Now the great factor in opera everywhere, except in London, and on a few other operatic stages not municipal, is the repertory. It must be built up and kept up as judiciously and broadly as possible if you are considering your opera-theatre as a machine in your musical education and that of the public. Repertory is to be worked out before the season begins, in large part. The ability and extent of the company and its musical guides; the tongue or tongues in which the works will be offered; the conditions of the opera-house to be occupied (its bigness or smallness, its furnishings for stage-effects), and the number of nights that must be filled out with variety enough for the subscribers—all these are points that the manager of a season is particular to note, or should be so. As to which comes first—company before repertory, or repertory before company—why, that depends. Art wisely insists on the company being made up to suit the repertory. But art does not always rule nor pay. And in meeting that last important word we meet the great query of managers in New York and London: What operas and artists are most remunerative to him as a business matter in a hazardous and costly experiment? Mr. Lumley, Mr. Smith, Mr. Mapleson, Mr. Maretzek, Mr. Abbey, Mr. Grau, Mr. Schulz-Curtius, are examples of impresarios obliged to ponder the question of pecuniary success or failure for the time and the season. An impresario may love music, and he may have musical politics. But, after all, it is to him not æsthetics, but a living, his profit or loss. So, partly excusably and partly inexcusably, he waves away all considerations, except so far as they can be merged into the money determinative.

The Popularity of Wagnerian Opera.

It is this last attitude that has given Mr. Grau's season an aspect of monotony; and that has displeased many of music's most liberal, clear-sighted friends almost since the Metropolitan began its imposing work in 1898. The matter of the predominance of Wagnerian opera was much of the topic, though hardly less was the extremely trite and antiquated Italian and French operas sandwiched into the group, and made a vehicle of profit by "star" casts. Take the first point. An enormous city and suburban public now is interested in Wagnerian opera and music drama. Some part of that public is genuinely musical; some part of it is composed of Wagnerian patrons in a confused and epidemic way, just as such an element is caught into other musical vortices to swell its circular movement, whether it be Paderevski or opera. A whole new legion of supporters of Wagner—those who belong to that notable "third degree" of Wagnerism which I lately sketched in this journal—has grown into deep, almost exclusive, interest in the Nibelungen Tetralogy and "Tristan" since those seven wonderful seasons that ended in 1888–9. Then the Metropolitan produced Wagner with an authority and splendor of historic casts and with an overwhelming public support never outclassed. (Materna, Lehmann, Brandt, Niemann, Gudehus, Sylva, Vogl, Alvary, Seidl—what names are those, and what Wagner nights they stand for!) But all that amazing sequence occurred ten years ago. Thousands of people in our city not musical nor Wagnerian then are such to-day. At the same time our suburban population has increased its great musical class, by young and old. The casts of new stars in 1898–9 have appealed in their full lustre alike to Wagnerites and non-Wagnerites. This was foreseen. The Nibelungen Ring cycles, not given complete since a decade ago, and now given "uncut," could be trusted to bring whole masses of new musical patronage. It is not, therefore, strange that Mr. Grau early showed that he would rely on Wagner as the accent of his season. By several years of learning the public, he realized that the interest in Wagner would make his season's great profit for him.

The Metropolitan as an Educator.

But while the manager, as has been admitted, is not expected to think of art, some of us must; and we must even think of the manager's dependence on art—since he shuts his eyes to it. No man or woman truly cultivated or serious in musical taste will deny that it were a fine thing if our city's Metropolitan Opera House, like the Metropolitan Museum of Art, could be not only fashionable, but could educate the musical and the unmusical classes as widely as possible. (The musical class is by no means above education.) To do that, the Metropolitan must present a wide repertory of old and new operas of value and beauty, suited to its size and stage arrangements. Certainly a municipal theatre, a municipal picture-gallery, and a municipal opera-house, or such institutions as are to all intents and purposes municipal in influence, if art be considered, must not be given up to a few playwrights, a few painters, or a few composers. This is the broadest æsthetic consideration, one affecting a Wagnerian excess as other things. It is one that appeals to the best musical element in the opera-going class, and also to the press which is trying, patiently, to educate the public. If the managers of the Metropolitan do not cast a thought on this, and the directors do not—some of these certainly are doing so—there will result more æsthetic disaster.

The Derivation of a proper Repertory.

Take the "Wagner question" locally. With so much Wagner opera we cannot have room for other works. We cannot repair the local neglect of the old scores, nor invite favor to the new ones, German, French, or Italian. Certain operas of sterling merit not heard in our Metropolitan, should long ago have been interspersed there. Gluck, Mozart, Weber, Marschner, Berlioz, Cornelius, Ponchielli, in some significant scores, have never been adequately a part of our seasons. Those operas given by no means exhaust the best selection. Others like them are available, and offer a choice of works of large dimensions, with casts that can be starred, if "stars" are demanded. Often the operas most suitable, but not sung here, are highly spectacular in dress. Next let us call to mind composers of the day who are much sung abroad, musicians our public is certain to like if their works be properly produced, and courageously repeated a few times, that their money-making powers be shown. Chabrier, Massenet, Reyer, Puccini, Spinelli, Giordano, Cilea, de Nardis, Smareglia, Bungert, Keinzl, Franck, de Lara, Lalo, Godard, Mozkofsky, and a dozen others, are now more, now less, valuable in a repertory, and all deserving places in it. Another thing—many of the Metropolitan's artists, especially the very Wagnerian ones, are celebrities in these unsung works, and many of the company have been only too urgent on Mr. Grau to produce them. There is a considerable group of operas that are well worn and unquestionably defective, as every tyro knows, but which could shrewdly be put into the repertory because of their adaptiveness to certain casts, the gifts of certain influential singers, their cheap spectacular quality, or other private and good reasons. We might even tolerate, possibly enjoy, "The Star of the North," a special rôle of Madame Sembrich's repertory, or "Robert le Diable," for the sake of strong casts, and of the mounting that makes them serviceable abroad. I would rather hear them than the better Meyerbeer operas now absolutely hackneyed in New York. In Meyerbeer, particularly, anything for a change, if him we must have!

There are only eight—practically only seven—Wagnerian operas to draw on. By course of two or three really great Wagnerian seasons the public grows familiar with this small repertory—too familiar to support it, even if it be starred to the fullest extent. This is common-sense without detraction to Wagner. It is the opinion and experience of all managers and of sound critics, even in the great German theatres. Our Opera House has no new repertory that has been built up to counteract such public satiation. The stars engaged have been engaged too much for Wagner. Money is risked on audiences that at first pay enormously, maybe, but that soon do not pay under such circumstances. Of course the old operas by Gounod, Verdi, and so on, fail too anon, even if you add stars to stars in their casts. We have about reached the limit this season of what can be done with "Les Huguenots," "Lucia," "L'Africaine," and "Faust" and "Roméo et Juliette."

What a Manager here, as mere Business, must do.

A manager in the Metropolitan cannot afford to risk new works? That is an old cry. That is called his predicament. But a manager *must* dare, as far as he possibly can do so, to educate his public in the unfamiliar and good, or he will ultimately lose his public. After all, art is his best friend, though he deny and betray her, in the old easy way—"die alte Weise." I think that the least that a season in the Metropolitan should do, as novelty, is to present one new opera for every month of the official season. Let us say that if the manager's season is sixty-five or seventy nights he ought to produce at least four new good works, of the first, *widest* interest. If he produce any other kind, of course he is foolish, and he will lose money. Our season being, at most, some four months, I have set four as the proportion. The rest of the repertory should be distributed between Wagner and a dozen or fifteen other composers.

Subscription and Success.

I have shown that not the casual parquet-patronage, or casual box-patronage, however large, is yet the authority deciding the ability of the Opera House to give any official season at all. The bottom of things, now as ten years ago, will fall out of a season in the Metropolitan in which the stockholders who are box-holders, and especially the feminine contingent of their families, do not like the season, and do not approve the particular management. While an influential and widened group of stockholders and subscribers, men and women, are strongly content with a specially Wagnerian season, there is *always* an influential faction against such a thing. And here comes a valuable consideration. This adverse faction is either openly hostile to Wagner because of its limited and undeveloped taste, Italianistic or French, or because of a superficial language-preference, or because it hasn't any decided musical taste at all. It regards our Opera House as a social place, where operas admitting of a brilliantly lighted auditorium and plenty of intermissions are desirable. Add to this up-and-down anti-Wagnerian faction certain regular subscribers who give themselves out with great volubility as Wagnerians in order to be in the fashion, and who even "talk very warm and well" on Wagner, but who at heart are not Wagnerian, and who are ready at any moment to support a complete change of management in the Opera House, if a change is needed to change the repertory. This summary is exactly the one suited to our notice now. Why so? Because some of us remember that this was the exact condition of affairs (so superficially understood) that in 1888–9 all at once completely ruined Wagner opera here, and all other German opera, at the Metropolitan. It has taken New York ten years to retrieve this loss to Wagnerites. The Wagnerian repertory, splendidly done, was overdone in 1888–9. The public had supported it in vain. The box-subscribers and stockholders quietly cliqued, and intrigued against it *just at its height;* and dismissed it.

The Proportion of Wagner in a Season.

By careful study of the repertory of the greatest German and Wagnerian opera-houses abroad (Baireuth excepted), it would seem conclusive that the Wagner repertory of the Opera House should not enter into the *subscription* performances, evening or matinée, oftener than one opera in three. I take the ground as being myself a firm if conservative Wagnerian, and as a member of the original Wagner Society that battled for Wagner in this country when Wagnerian interests were neglected by our managers year after year—just as now they are somewhat over-nursed. With Wagnerian excess the repertory ceases to educate. It ceases to make for the future support of costly foreign seasons of any kind. It brings an excess of star support in the seasons and limits nationality in a company. It presently becomes here, like the hack Italian and French repertory, directly a part of the high-salary question, which makes the price of opera so high for the public that the public cannot afford to indulge extensively in it as ticket-buyers or subscribers. It is a part of our own national question in music; for at present it opposes the advance of American singers into really good and responsible work at home, limiting the repertory in which they will be of service, and it affects their working their way into Wagner as their talents may allow. In particular, the Nibelungen Tetralogy, "cut" or "uncut," should occur not more than twice in a season, so far as concerns the evening subscription or the matinée subscription. Additional "cycles," and additional performances of the members of the Tetralogy, after it has once been distributed about during a month or so, ought to be grudged even on evenings and afternoons outside of the regular subscription. In fact, this same rule should affect material other than the Wagner repertory after it has once been gone through. For it is claimed—justly—that Wagnerian performances, especially if "extras," tire the singers for work on the other and regular subscription nights, and so injure the season.

Such is a chart of the more serious considerations in repertory-making and in giving us opera here. Some of them may not appeal at first sight to that valuable but not always foreseeing patron the "average opera-goer." But all are part and parcel of our musical present and of our musical future; and it is the business of those who are responsible for the guidance of taste to point them out as often and as plainly as the need appear.

E. IRENÆUS STEVENSON.

DRAMA

The Scene and the Play.

MRS. FISKE'S production of MM. Meilhac & Halévy's "Frou-Frou" at the Fifth Avenue Theatre is in every way worthy of her character as the most intellectual of our actresses. The version of the play she is using is new, and in the main scholarly in that it adheres to the original text. Once or twice it shows traces of being brought up to date, as in a reference to bicycles and divided skirts in the Bois; but I fancy that to object would be to betray half-intelligence. The scenery and costumes, though adequate, are for the most part simple and unobtrusive, so that the frame, so to speak, is wholly subordinate to the picture. Clearly, to Mrs. Fiske's mind the play's the thing. The advantage of this moderation is amply shown in the fourth act, in which *Frou-Frou* has fled from her husband and child, and is living with her lover in a Venetian palace. The contrast with the other scenes, the palace, and the vista of a canal showing the Lido beyond are the summit of magnificence, palpitating with the decaying splendor of the bride of the Adriatic. This richness of scene is, of course, just what the authors intended in order to bring out by contrast the wretchedness of the runaway lovers, longing for Paris, for respectability, and for the relatives whom their rashness had made miserable. The effect would have been largely lacking if it had not been for the restraint shown in staging the previous acts. Scenic magnificence has become so much a matter of course among us that it is high time to point out its essential vulgarity, and Mrs. Fiske's productions would be of value, if for nothing else, because they show a just appreciation of the relation of the scene to the play.

Mrs. Fiske as *Gilberte*.

Mrs. Fiske's *Gilberte* was everything that her previous performances would lead one to expect. Her limitations of physique and of temperament have at least this virtue—that they emphasize the depth of her feeling and her intelligence in its expression. It could scarcely be said that in the first two acts she gave *Frou-Frou's* lightness and gayety with any fitting æsthetic effect. I cannot imagine that it made any one in the audience feel light and gay, or that she filled any one with the love of sheer girlhood that is necessary to full sympathy with the tragedy of "Frou-Frou." But, failing this, Mrs. Fiske did what only a true and sincere artist could—she denoted each trait of character so plainly that the spectator must have been very stupid indeed who did not follow fully the author's intention: the road was plain that led to the tragical passages of the third, fourth, and fifth acts. These acts displayed Mrs. Fiske's power, and displayed it to the full, one would say, if it were not for the fact that everywhere she was governed by a wise moderation. The rage of jealousy at her failure to regain her lost place in her household; the tragic magnificence of her exile in Venice, and the sense of fatality that distilled over the scene; and finally the heart-break that caused her death—all these were given with a poignancy of feeling that was bounded only by the power of her hearers to respond to truth and sincerity. Her audiences are not of the kind whose emotions are facile, but when in the last act the fragments of her shattered family gather about the couch where she is dying of heart-break, there was a quick rustling for handkerchiefs, and here and there the sound of a stifled sob.

The Syndicate Manager and the Repertory Manager.

Herr Direktor Conried's production of "Cyrano von Bergerac," at the German theatre in Irving Place, is a good example of the way things are managed among people to whom dramatic art has no very intimate connection with the box-office. American managers are not likely to go in very heavily for anything, however good, unless they have a string to every dollar by which they hope to draw out a dollar ninety-nine; and the result is that though they give people the things they obviously want with great magnificence, they are blessed, like *Poins* in the play, in that they think as every man thinks. Never a man's thought keeps the roadway better than that of the manager. Herr Direktor Conried's ideal is of the kind that keeps intellectual drama alive in so many repertory theatres in Austria and Germany. He gives the best plays he can find of all kinds, and if his constituents do not respond in full force, he and his company eke out the returns with pride in their art. And certainly it is worth much to reasonable men and women to know that they belong to the theatre that is more consistently devoted to the best there is in the drama than any other we have. The present production of "Cyrano" had to be prepared in so short a time as ten days, and as it is to be taken off on April 6, when the great German actor Sonnenthal commences, it had only three weeks and a half to run. Yet Herr Direktor Conried's production must have cost in the neighborhood of five thousand dollars—an amount which he cannot hope to recover; and he has spent so much thought and care on it that the scenery and the management of the crowds are in some respects more admirable than in Mr. Mansfield's production.

Cyrano with a Von.

Of the acting it is not easy to speak with confidence. Mr. Mansfield's *Cyrano* hardly got nearer to Gascony than Sandy Hook, but he was perhaps as much a Gascon as it is possible for one of us to be, and we could not be greatly distressed by a lack which, not having enjoyed acquaintance with many Gascons, we were scarcely able to take note of. Or if we were—ex naso herculem—we made his *Cyrano* do. I have no doubt in the world that Herr Schady got as far as Alsace-Lorraine (which, you know, is a good way into France), and that the road thence is easy for the German mind to travel; so that I feel a certain irrelevance in saying that his *Cyrano* seemed to be indomitably Teutonic. Yet, making all allowances, I still feel that much was lacking. When Herr Schady dominated the scene it was by his sheer physical presence. If he had had mirth and good-comradeship in his eye, and freedom on his plume, he might have been Teutonic to the last degree—but I couldn't see that he had them. His *Cyrano* was sentimental, sombre, and aloof, and brooded upon the scene like a shadow.

The merits of Herr Schady's performance, so far as I could see, were the result of the simplicity, deliberation, and dignity of his convention of acting—a convention which has given his *Tell* and his *Sartorius* (the character in Phillippi's "Das Erbe," which was modelled on the late Prince Bismarck) a touch of real power. It was aided, too, by the excellent verse of the German poet Fulda's rhymed translation. In fighting the duel in verse, in which Mr. Mansfield is so fevered and bustling, his deliberation gave the effect of improvisation and cast the house into a hush of expectancy, so that the final

> Beim letzten Verse stech' ich!

came with a real thrill of admiration and relief. And similarly his introduction of the Gascon cadets,

> Das sind die Gascogner Kadetten,

which Mansfield rendered with such sound and fury of bad rhymes, had marked dignity and considerable grace. The death scene, too, in which Mansfield strutted and barked, was admirably exalted and commanding.

Herr Schady's support, though Teutonic enough, went at their parts intelligently. Ada Merito was a winning and amusing, if not just a précieuse, *Roxane*, and Rudolph Senius was an admirable, if somewhat heavy, *Rogueneau*. Willy Faber showed the simple-minded ardor of *Christian* to a marvel, and if not quite *bon Gascon*, was at least *guter Kerl*.

JOHN CORBIN.

Tyrone Power as *Brigard*. Frederic de Belleville as *de Sartorys*.

Minnie Maddern Fiske as *Gilberte*. Ipha Dale as *Georges*. Olive Hoff as *Louise*.

THE DEATH OF *FROU-FROU*.

From Act V. of Mrs. Fiske's production at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York.

To the Voice that Failed

ART is long: *live* thou the part
They scarcely voice, and tho' life's spring
Be song-forlorn, in thine old heart
Eternal nightingales shall sing.

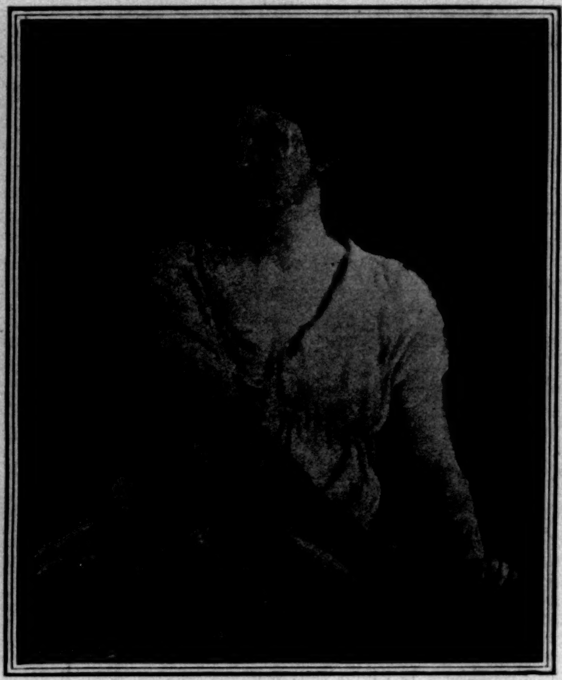
ARTHUR J. STRINGER.

Blanche Bates as *Miladi*. James O'Neill as *d'Artagnan*.

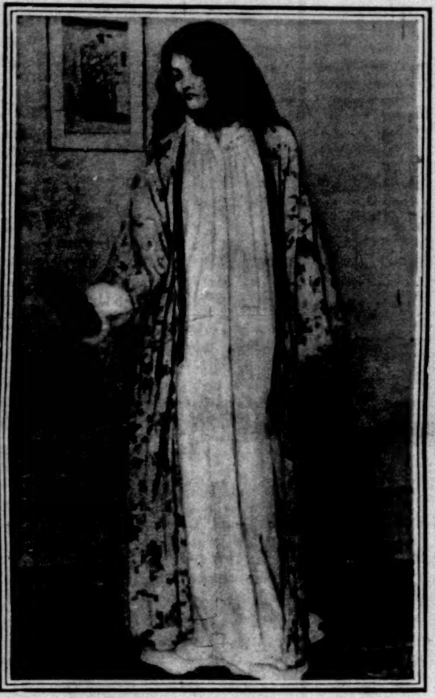
D'ARTAGNAN'S ESCAPE FROM *MILADI*.

From Act IV. of Sydney Grundy's Version of "The Musketeers," playing at the Broadway Theatre, New York.

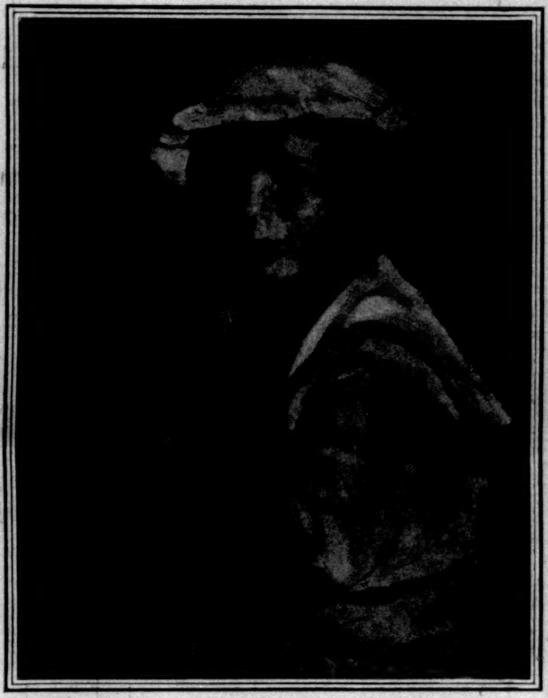
"A GRAY DAY."—William M. Chase.



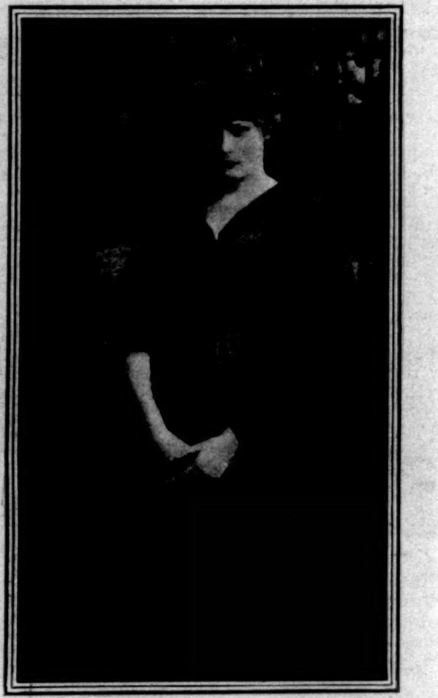
"YOUNG WOMAN."—Abbott H. Thayer.



"GIRL WITH A HAND-GLASS."
Lucia Fairchild Fuller.



"TUCKERMAN DAY."—John Lambert, Jr.



"THE WOODLAND MAID."—Douglas Volk.
Purchased by the Shaw Fund.
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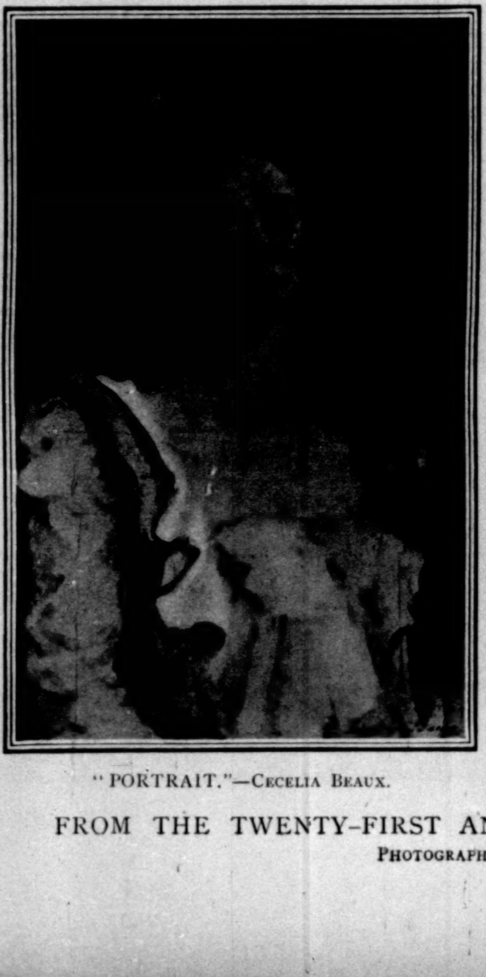
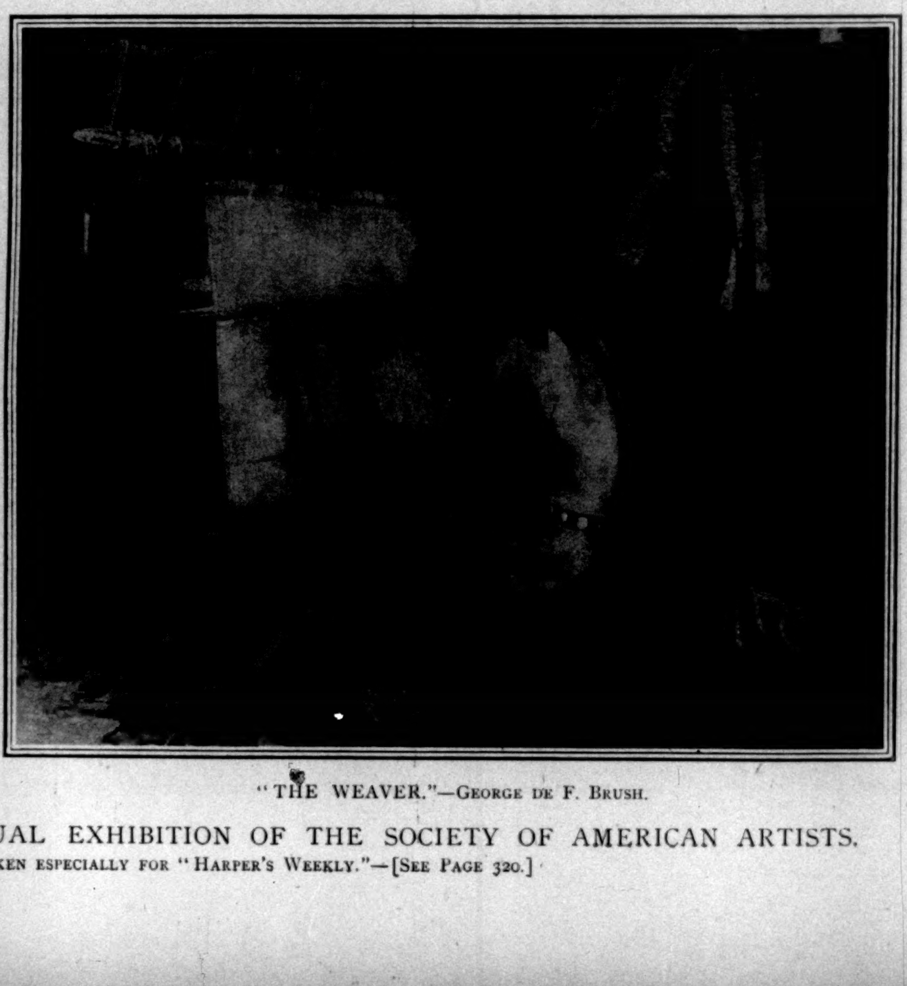
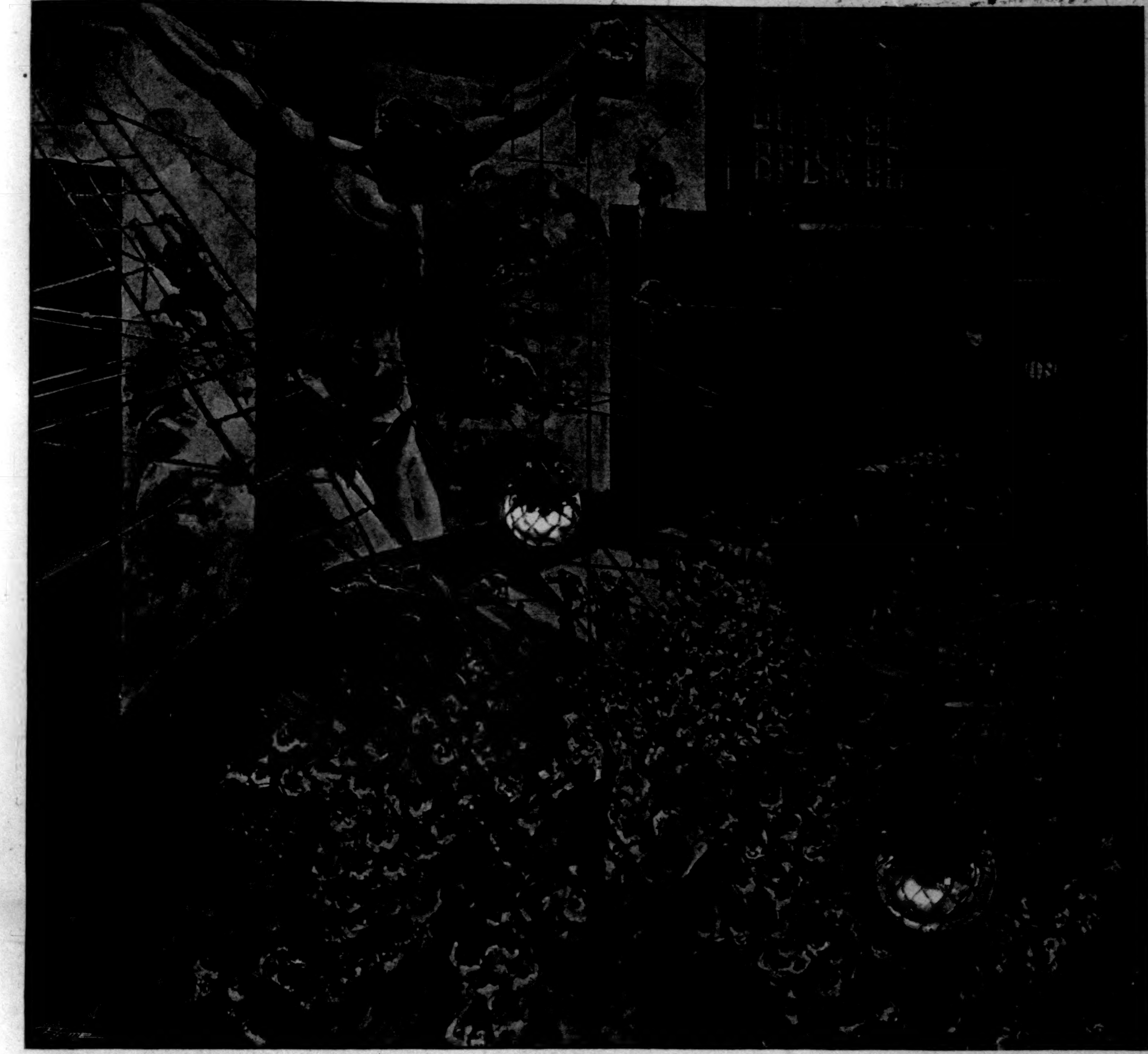


"PORTRAIT."—Cecelia Beaux.



"THE WEAVER."—George de F. Brush.

FROM THE TWENTY-FIRST ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF AMERICAN ARTISTS.
Photographs taken especially for "Harper's Weekly."—[See Page 320.]



When the Sleeper Wakes*

By H. G. Wells

Author of "The War of the Worlds," "The Invisible Man," "Thirty Strange Stories," etc.

CHAPTER XIX.

OSTROG'S POINT OF VIEW.

GRAHAM returned to his apartments in a mood of sombre exaltation. The intense persuasion of his responsibility that had come to him in the crow's-nest brooded once more upon his mind, touched with emotions of a keener kind. He saw himself in Helen's eyes. He reproached himself bitterly for his three days of aerial pleasure, for the idle occupation of his time. He began an uneasy examination of his memories. He became restless; he wanted very greatly to go abroad at once and see the ways and habitations of the common people, to demonstrate in some way to himself that his promise to rule was no mere emotional flourish. But how was he to begin?

After a time Ostrog came to him, after his fashion, to give a formal vague account of the day's affairs. An instinct of distrust kept Graham from the mention of his conversation with Helen Wotton, but its import hung like a cloud upon his mind. On previous occasions Graham had passed over this ceremony as speedily as possible, in order to resume his aerial experiences, but now he asked questions. Ostrog brought flattering reports of the development of affairs abroad. In Paris and Berlin there had been trouble; not resistance to Graham, indeed, but insubordinate proceedings. "After all these years," said Ostrog, when Graham demanded particulars, "the Commune has lifted its head again." But order had been restored in these cities. Graham, the more deliberately judicial for the stirring emotions he felt, asked if there had been any fighting. "A little," said Ostrog. "But the Sudanese division of our African agricultural police—the Consolidated African Companies have a very well drilled police—was ready, and so were aeroplanes. We expected a little trouble in the Continental cities and in America. But things are very quiet in America. They are satisfied with the overthrow of the Council."

"Why should you expect trouble?" asked Graham, abruptly.

"There is a lot of discontent—social discontent."

"The Labor Company?"

"You are learning about things," said Ostrog, with a touch of surprise. "Yes. It is chiefly the discontent with the Labor Company. It was that discontent supplied the motive force of this overthrow—that and your awakening."

"Yes?"

Ostrog smiled. "We had to stir up their discontent; we had to revive the old ideas of universal happiness—all men equal—all men happy—no luxury that every one may not share—ideas that have slumbered for two hundred years. You know them? We had to revive these ideals, impossible as they are, in order to overthrow the Council. And now—"

"Well?"

"Our revolution is accomplished, and the Council is overthrown, and people whom we have stirred up remain surging. There was scarcely enough fighting.... We made promises, of course. It is extraordinary how violently and rapidly this vague out-of-date Humanitarianism has revived and spread. We who sowed the seed even have been astonished. In Paris, as I say, we have had to call in external help."

"And here?"

"There is trouble. Multitudes won't go back to work. There is a general strike. Half the factories are empty and the people are swarming in the ways. They are talking of a Commune. Men in silk and satin have been insulted in the streets. The blue canvas is expecting all sorts of things from you. Of course there is no need for you to trouble. We are setting the Babble-Machines to work with counter-suggestions in the cause of law and order. We must keep the grip tight; that is all."

Graham thought.

"Even to the pitch of bringing a negro police," he said.

"They are useful," said Ostrog. "They are fine loyal brutes, with no wash of ideas in their heads—such as our rabble has. The Council should have had them as a police of the ways, and things might have been different. Of course there is nothing to fear excepting rioting and wreckage. You can manage your own wings now, and you can soar away to Capri if there is any smoke or fuss. We have the pull of all the great things; the aeronauts are privileged and rich, the closest trade union in the world, and so are the engineers of the wind vanes. And no one of any ability is organizing against us. They have no leaders—only the sectional leaders of the secret society we organized before your very opportune awakening. But none of these is man enough for a central figure. The only trouble will be a disorganized upheaval. To be frank—that may happen. But it won't interrupt your aeronautics. The days when the people could make revolutions are past."

"I suppose they are," said Graham. "I suppose they are. This world of yours has been full of surprises to me. In the old days we dreamt of a wonderful democratic life, of a time when all men would be equal and happy."

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 2194.

Ostrog looked at him keenly. "The day of democracy is past," he said. "Past forever. That day began with the bowmen of Crécy; it ended when marching infantry, when common men in masses, ceased to win the battles of the world; when costly cannon, great ironclads, and strategic railways became the means of power. To-day is the day of wealth. Wealth now is power as it never was power before—it commands earth and sea and sky. All power is for those who handle wealth. You must accept facts, and these are facts. The world for the Crowd! The Crowd as Ruler! Even in your days that creed had been tried and condemned. To-day it has only one believer—a multiplex, feeble one—the man in the Crowd."

Graham did not answer immediately. He stood lost in sombre preoccupations.

"No," said Ostrog. "The day of the common man is past. On the open country-side one man is as good as another, or nearly as good. The old aristocracy had a precarious tenure of strength and audacity. The first real aristocracy came in with castles and armor, and vanished before the musket and bow. But in these new days we have this great machine of the city, and an organization complex beyond a common man's understanding."

"Yet," said Graham, "there is something you are holding down—something that stirs and presses."

"You will see," said Ostrog, with a smile that brushed these difficult questions aside. "I have not roused the force to destroy myself—trust me."

"I wonder," said Graham.

Ostrog glanced at him again very keenly.

"Must the world go this way?" said Graham.

"What do you mean?" said Ostrog.

"I came from a democratic age. To find an aristocratic tyranny."

"Aristocracy, the prevalence of the best—the suffering and extinction of the unfit. And so to better things. It is the way that change has always travelled," said Ostrog.

"But aristocracy! those people I met—"

"Oh! not those!" said Ostrog. "But for the most part they go to their death. Vice and pleasure! They have no children. That sort of stuff will die out. If the world keeps to one road, if there is no turning back. An easy road to excess, convenient Euthanasia for the pleasure-seekers singed in the flame, that is the way to improve the race!"

"Pleasant extinction," said Graham. "But there is that other thing—the Crowd, the great mass of poor men. Will that die out? And it suffers; its suffering is a force that even you—"

Ostrog moved impatiently, and when he spoke he spoke rather less evenly than before.

"Don't you trouble about these things," he said. "Everything will be settled in a few days now. The Crowd is a fool, hysterical and illogical. What if it does not die out? You heard those people shouting and singing two nights ago. They were taught that song. If you had taken any man there in cold blood and asked why he shouted, he could not have told you. They think they are shouting for you, that they are loyal and devoted to you. Just then they were ready to slaughter the Council. To-day—they are already murmuring against them that have overthrown the Council. The crowd is a huge foolish beast. Even if it does not die, it can be tamed and driven."

"They shouted," said Graham, "because their lives were dreary, without joy or pride, and because in me—in me—they hoped."

"And what was their hope? What is their hope? What right have they to hope? They work ill, and they want the reward of those who work well. The hope of mankind—what is it? That some day the Over-man may come, that some day the inferior, the weak, and the bestial may be subdued or eliminated. The world is no place for the bad, the stupid, the enervated. Their duty—it's a fine duty too!—is to die. The death of the failure! That is the path by which the beast rose to manhood, by which man goes on to higher things."

Ostrog took a pace, seemed to think, and turned on Graham. "I can imagine how this great world state of ours seems to a Victorian Englishman. You regret all the old forms of representative government; their spectres still haunt the world—the voting councils and parliaments and all that eighteenth-century tomfoolery. You feel moved against our Pleasure Cities. I might have thought of that—had I not been busy. But you will learn better. The people are mad with envy—they would be in sympathy with you. Even in the streets now they clamor to destroy the Pleasure Cities. But the Pleasure Cities are the excretory organs of the state—attractive places that year after year draw together all that is weak and vicious, all that is undisciplined and lazy, all the eager roguery of the world, to a graceful destruction. They go there, they have their time, they die childless—all the pretty silly women die childless, and mankind is the better. And you would emancipate the silly brainless workers that we have enslaved, and try to make their lives easy and pleasant again. Now their lot is just tolerable if they abstain from child-bearing—but you would try to make life easy for them too, and so their dreary breed would continue." He smiled a smile of superiority that irritated Graham oddly. "You will learn better. I know those ideas; in my boyhood days I read your Shelley and dreamed of Liberty. There is no Liberty save wisdom and self-control. Liberty is within—not without. It is each man's own affair. Suppose—which is impossible—that these swarming yelping fools in blue get the upper hand of us, what then? It would mean but a few hundred years' delay. The coming of the aristocrat is as certain as fate. The end will be the Over-man—for all the mad protests of humanity. The end will be the same."

"I wonder," said Graham, doggedly.

For a moment he stood downcast.

"But I must see these things for myself," he said. "Only by seeing can I understand. I must learn. That is what I want to tell you, Ostrog. I do not want to be King in a Pleasure City; that is not my pleasure. I have spent enough time with aeronautics—and these other things. I must learn how people live, how the common life has developed. Then I shall understand these things better. I must learn how common people live—the labor people more especially—how they work, marry, bear children, die—"

"Our realistic novelists," suggested Ostrog, suddenly preoccupied.

"I want reality," said Graham, "not realism."

"There are difficulties," said Ostrog, and thought. "On the whole, perhaps—"

"I did not expect—"

"I had thought— And yet, perhaps— Things are about completed."

Suddenly he came to some conclusion. "You would need to go disguised," he said. "The city is intensely excited, and the discovery of your presence among them might create a fearful tumult. Still, this wish of yours to go into this city—this idea of yours— Yes, now I think the thing over, it seems to me not altogether— Yes, it may be done. It can be contrived. If you would really find an interest in that! You are, of course, Master. You are Master. Shall I tell Asano? For my own part, there is a matter I have to do. A matter of detail. Details! This evening. I see no reason— Would you care to go soon? A disguise for this excursion Asano will be able to manage. He might go with you. I dare say you could go soon if you cared."

"You will not want to consult me in any matter?" asked Graham, suddenly.

"Oh dear no! No. I think you may trust affairs to me for a time," said Ostrog, following out some train of thought. "Even if we differ—"

Graham glanced at him sharply.

"There is no struggle likely to happen soon?" he asked, abruptly.

"No."

"I have been thinking about these negroes. I don't believe the people intend any hostility to me, and, after all, I am the Master. I do not want any negroes brought to London. It is an archaic prejudice, perhaps, but I have peculiar feelings about Europeans and the subject races. Even about Paris—"

Ostrog stood watching him from under his drooping brows.

"You are not to bring armed negroes to London, whatever happens," said Graham. "In that matter I am quite decided."

Ostrog bowed deferentially.

CHAPTER XX.

IN THE CITY WAYS.

AND that night, unknown and unsuspected, Graham, dressed in the costume of an inferior wind-vane official keeping holiday, and accompanied by Asano in Labor Company canvas, surveyed the city through which he had wandered when it was veiled in darkness. But now he saw it lit and waking, a whirlpool of life. In spite of the surging and swaying of the forces of revolution, in spite of the unusual discontent, the mutterings of the greater struggle of which the first revolt was the prelude, the myriad streams of commerce still flowed wide and strong. He knew now something of the dimensions and quality of the new age, but he was not prepared for the infinite surprise of the detailed view, for the torrent of color and vivid impressions that poured past him.

This was his first real contact with the people of these latter days. He realized that all that had gone before, saving his glimpses of the public theatres and markets, had had its element of seclusion, had been a movement within the comparatively narrow official quarter; that all his previous experiences had revolved immediately about the question of his own position. But here was the city at the busiest hours of night, the people to a large extent returned to their own immediate interests, the resumption of the real informal life, the common habits, of the new time.

They emerged at first into a street whose opposite ways were crowded with the blue canvas liveries. This swarm, Graham saw, was a portion of a procession—it was odd to see a procession parading the city *seated*. They carried banners and coarse red stuff with black letters. "No disarmament," said the banners, for the most part in crudely daubed letters and with variant spellings, and: "Why should we disarm?" "No disarming." "No disarming." Banner after banner went by, a stream of banners flowing past, and at last, at the end, the song of the revolt, and a noisy band of strange instruments.

He learned from this of a new trouble. The people had been armed for the revolt, and in spite of the persuasion of the leaders a multitude had flatly refused to pass them in again to the ward arsenals. "They all ought to be at work," said Asano. "They have had no food these two days, or they have stolen it."

Presently Asano made a détour to avoid the congested crowd that gaped upon the occasional passage of dead bodies from hospital to a mortuary, the gleanings after death's harvest of the first revolt.

That night few people were sleeping; every one was abroad. A vast excitement, perpetual crowds perpetually changing, surrounded Graham; his mind was confused and darkened by an incessant tumult, by the cries and enigmatical fragments of the social struggle that was as yet only beginning. Everywhere festoons and banners of black and colored lights and strange decorations, intensified the quality of his popularity. Everywhere he caught snatches of that crude thick dialect that served the illiterate class—the class, that is, beyond the reach of phonographic culture—in their commonplace intercourse. Everywhere this trouble of disarmament was in the air, with a quality of immediate stress of which he had no inkling during his seclusion in the wind-vane quarter. He perceived that as soon as he returned he must discuss this with Ostrog—this and the greater issues of which it was the expression—in a far more conclusive way than he had so far done. Perpetually that night, even in the earlier hours of their wanderings about the city, the spirit of unrest and revolt swamped his attention, to the exclusion of countless strange things he might otherwise have observed.

This preoccupation made his impressions fragmentary. Yet, amidst so much that was strange and vivid, no subject, however personal and insistent, could exert undivided sway. There were spaces when the revolutionary movement passed clean out of his mind, was drawn aside like a curtain from before some startling new aspect of the time. Helen had swayed his mind to this intense earnestness of inquiry, but there came times even when her figure receded beyond his conscious thoughts. At one moment, for example, he found they were traversing the religious quarter—for the easy transit about the city afforded by the moving ways rendered sporadic churches and chapels no longer necessary—and his attention was vividly arrested by the façade of one of the Christian sects.

They were travelling seated on one of the swift upper ways; the place leaped upon them at a bend and advanced rapidly towards them. It was covered with inscriptions from top to base, in vivid white and blue, save where a vast and glaring kinematograph transparency presented a realistic crucifixion, and where a vast festoon of black, to show that the popular religion followed the popular politics, hung across the lettering. Graham had already become familiar with the phonotype writing, and these inscriptions arrested him, being to his sense, for the most part, almost incredible blasphemy. Among the less offensive were: "Salvation on the Third Floor and turn to the Right." "The Sharpest Conversion in London. Expert Operators! Look Slippy!"

"Be a Christian—without hinderance to your present occupation." "Brisk Blessings for Busy Business Men."

"But this is appalling!" said Graham, as that deafening scream of mercantile piety towered above them.

"What is appalling?" asked his little officer, apparently seeking vainly for anything unusual in this shrieking enamel.

"*This!* Surely the essence of religion is reverence."

"Oh, *that!*" Asano looked at Graham. "Does it shock you?" he said, in the tone of one who makes a discovery. "I suppose it would, of course. I had forgotten. Nowadays the competition for attention is so keen, and people simply haven't the leisure to attend to their souls, you know, as they used to do." He smiled. "In the old days you had quiet Sabbaths and the country-side. Though somewhere I've read of Sunday afternoons that—"

"But *that*," said Graham, glancing back at the receding blue and white—"that is surely not the only—"

"There are hundreds of different ways. But, of course, if a sect doesn't *tell* it doesn't pay. Worship has moved with the times. There are high-class sects with quieter ways—costly incense and personal attentions and all that. These people are extremely popular and prosperous. They pay several dozand lions for those apartments to the Council—to you, I should say."

Graham still felt a difficulty with the coinage, and this mention of a dozand lions brought him abruptly to that matter. In a moment the screaming temples and their swarming touts were forgotten in this new interest. A turn of a phrase suggested and an answer confirmed the idea that gold and silver were both demonetized, that stamped gold which had begun its reign amidst the merchants of Phœnicia was at last dethroned. The change had been graduated but swift, brought about by an extension of the system of checks that had even in his previous life already practically superseded gold in all the larger business transactions. The common traffic of the city, the common currency indeed of all the world, was conducted by means of the little brown, green, and pink council checks for small amounts, printed with a blank payee. Asano had several with him, and at the first opportunity he supplied the gaps in his set. They were printed not on tearable paper, but on a semitransparent fabric of silken flexibility, interwoven with silk. Across them all sprawled a *fac-simile* of Graham's signature, his first encounter with the curves and turns of that familiar autograph for two hundred and three years.

Some intermediary experiences made no impression sufficiently vivid to prevent the matter of the disarmament claiming his thoughts again; a blurred picture of a Theosophist temple that promised MIRACLES in letters of unsteady fire was least submerged perhaps, but then came the view of the dining-hall in Northumberland Avenue. That interested him very greatly.

By the energy and thought of Asano he was able to view this place from a little screened gallery reserved for the attendants of the tables. The building was pervaded by a distant muffled hooting, piping, and bawling, of which he did not at first understand the import, but which recalled a certain mysterious leathery voice he had heard after the resumption of the lights towards the end of his solitary wandering on the night of the great revolt.

He had grown accustomed now to vastness and great numbers of people, nevertheless this spectacle held him for a long time. It was as he watched the table service move immediately beneath, and interspersed with many questions and answers concerning details, that the realization of the full significance of the feast of several thousand people came to him.

It was his constant surprise to find that points that one might have expected to strike vividly at the very outset never occurred to him until some trivial detail suddenly shaped as a riddle and pointed to the obvious thing he had overlooked. In this matter, for instance, it had not occurred to him that this continuity of the city, this exclusion of weather, these vast halls and ways, involved the disappearance of the household; that the typical Victorian "home," the little brick cell containing kitchen and scullery, living-rooms and bedrooms, had, save for the ruins that diversified the country-side, vanished as surely as the wattle hut. But now he saw, what had indeed been manifest from the first, that London, regarded as a living-place, was no longer an aggregation of houses, but a prodigious hotel—a hotel with a thousand classes of accommodation, thousands of dining-halls, chapels, theatres, markets, and places of assembly; a synthesis of enterprises, of which he chiefly was the owner. People had their sleeping-rooms, with, it might be, antechambers—rooms that were always sanitary at least, whatever the degree of comfort and privacy; and for the rest they lived much as many people had lived in the new-made giant hotels of the Victorian days, eating, reading, thinking, playing, conversing, all in places of public resort, going to their work in the industrial quarters of the city or doing business in their offices in the trading section.

He perceived at once how necessarily this state of affairs had developed from the Victorian city. The fundamental reason for the modern city had ever been the economy of co-operation. The chief thing to prevent the merging of the separate households in his own generation was simply the still imperfect civilization of the people, the strong barbaric pride, passions, and prejudices, the jealousies, rivalries, and violence of the middle and lower classes, which had necessitated the entire separation of contiguous households. But the change, the taming of the people, had been in rapid progress even then. In his brief thirty years of previous life he had seen an enormous extension of the habit of consuming meals from home; the casually patronized horse-box coffee-house had given place to the open and crowded aerated bread-shop, for instance, women's clubs had had their beginning, and an immense development of reading-rooms, lounges, and libraries had witnessed to the growth of social confidence. These promises had by this time attained to their complete fulfilment. The locked and barred household had passed away.

These people below him belonged, he learnt, to the lower middle class—the class just above the blue laborers; a class so accustomed in the Victorian period to feed with every precaution of privacy that its members, when occasion confronted them with a public meal, would usually hide their embarrassment under horse-play or a markedly militant demeanor. But these gayly, if lightly, dressed people below, albeit vivacious, hurried, and uncommunicative, were dexterously mannered, and certainly quite at their ease with regard to one another.

He noted a slight significant thing: the table, so far as he could see, was and remained delightfully neat; there was nothing to parallel the confusion, the broadcast crumbs, the splashes of viand and condiment, the overturned drink and displaced ornaments, which would have marked the stormy progress of the Victorian meal. The table furniture was very different. There were no ornaments, no flowers, and the table was without a cloth, being made, he learnt, of a solid substance having the texture and appearance of damask. He discerned that this damask substance was patterned with gracefully designed trade advertisements.

In a sort of recess before each diner was a complex apparatus of porcelain and metal. There was one plate of white porcelain, and by means of taps for hot and cold volatile fluids the diner washed this himself between the courses; he also washed his elegant white metal knife and fork and spoon as occasion required.

Soup and the chemical wine that was the common drink were delivered by similar taps, and the remaining covers travelled automatically in tastefully arranged dishes down the table along silver rails. The diner stopped these and helped himself at his discretion. They appeared at a little door at one end of the table and vanished at the other. That turn of democratic sentiment in decay, that ugly pride of menial souls, which renders equals loath to wait on one another, was very strong, he found, among these people. He was so preoccupied with these details that it was only just as he was leaving the place that he remarked the huge advertisement dioramas that marched majestically along the upper walls and proclaimed the most remarkable commodities.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHO DISCOVERED THE KLONDIKE?

By Tappan Adney, Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly"

DAME FORTUNE was never in more capricious mood than when the golden treasures of the Klondike were ripe for discovery. Such, indeed, has been the history of mining. But although somewhat over a year has elapsed since the full significance of the strike became generally known, and more than two years since the discovery itself, the story of that time, so far as it has been heard, is still obscured by the mists of uncertainty and contradiction.

This may seem strange to those who have observed no apparent lack of information from the very start regarding the Klondike; but those familiar with the difficulty of obtaining reliable information in a country like Alaska, and even of conveying it accurately through most popular channels of publication, will not be surprised at all. In making this contribution to the history of that time, I am animated not only by a desire to gather together the scattered ends of report and hearsay, but that tardy credit may be given to the men, and in particular one man, whom Fortune, never more unkind, has deprived thus far of material compensation for a generous act and years of patient work. It is a fascinating story, but to understand better its significance, and, indeed, that of the present Klondike, it is necessary to go back somewhat in time and to sketch briefly events that, step by step, led up to the memorable summer and fall of 1896.

For us the story begins with the purchase of Alaska by the United States from Russia in the year 1867, and the instalment of a powerful company, known as the Alaska Commercial Company, into the seal-hunting rights of the Pribyloff Islands, and a practical monopoly of the fur trade of the whole of Alaska, then solely a fur-producing country. The Alaska Commercial Company was something more than a monopolist of the fur trade; it virtually stepped into the place of the Russian government, sharing for many years with the Greek Church alone the absolute control of a large native population of Indians and Eskimo. The salmon-canners on the coast, then the pelagic sealers, gradually broke down this authority. Then, after twenty years, they were supplanted in the Seal Islands by the North American Commercial Company.

Of the interior of Alaska little was known. It is matter of history that in 1843 one Robert Campbell, an employé of the Hudson Bay Company, crossed over from the head of the Liard to a stream which he named the "Pelly," which he descended to its junction with another stream, which he called the "Lewes," and, after many dangers, established, in the year 1848, a post at the confluence of the two rivers, known as Fort Selkirk. In 1847 another Hudson Bay employé, A. H. Murray, crossed over from Fort McPherson on the Mackenzie to what is called the Porcupine River, and established a post—Fort Yukon—at the confluence of the Porcupine and another larger river, which, however, was not proved to be the same as the "Pelly" of Campbell until 1850, when Campbell dropped down to Fort Yukon. Fort Selkirk was burned to the ground in 1852 by Chilkats from the coast, who thereby expressed their displeasure at interference with their own exclusive rights to the trade of the so-called "Woods," or "Stick," Indians. In 1869 the company were ordered by the United States to leave Fort Yukon, it having been discovered by our observations that it was within American territory. They did so in a leisurely way, building what is now called "old" Rampart House; but this also was found to be in American territory, so they moved to their present location, about twenty miles farther up the Porcupine. Supplied by the slow and tedious Mackenzie River route, they are no longer a factor in the Yukon, almost the only signs of their existence being the names of their posts (now occupied by others).

Twenty-six years ago three notable men entered the Yukon. They came from Northwest Canada by way of the Porcupine River—LeRoy N. McQuesten, known commonly as "Jack" McQuesten; Arthur Harper, scarcely known except as "Old Man" Harper; and Al. Mayo. These three men, and some others not so well known, located at several points on the river as agents of the Alaska Commercial Company. This company, from their main distributing-points, Unalaska and Kadiak Island, supplied St. Michaels Island, the site of the old Russian post, and from there a small steamer took up supplies to the traders and brought down the marten, silver-gray fox, and other furs taken in barter. The Indian population was larger than it is now, and the furs from the valley of the Yukon were very high grade, the marten being second to those from Kamtchatka, the celebrated Russian sable.

While the traders provided for the physical welfare of the natives in the interior in return for furs, and a few missionaries of the Russian, English, and Catholic churches were doing what they could for their souls, factors were at work elsewhere that were to change the history of the Yukon. As early as 1857 gold had been discovered on Fraser River, in British Columbia; in 1860 the "Caribou" district; and then, in 1874, the "Cassiar" district, the latter two immediately south of the head-waters of the all but unknown Pelly and Lewes rivers. Thousands of miners rushed there, disclosing some of the richest placers of the world. And as these became exhausted, it was but natural that the hardy prospectors should push farther along the coast.

Thus in 1880, just back of the present town of Juneau, Dick Harris and Joe Juneau discovered the Silver Bow Basin, and the town of Juneau (first called Harrisburg) was founded. From time to time previously, reports of gold having been found in the interior by employés of the trading companies reached the outside. But the pass which led over the mountains to the head-waters of the Lewes was guarded by the Chilkat Indians, who monopolized the trade with the "Stick," or "Woods," Indians, holding them indeed in a state of slavery, and opposed all white men who attempted to enter the country. The year of the Silver Bow strike a party of miners went over, the first party of white men whom the Indians had allowed to go in. This party brought back good reports from the bars of the Lewes River, and from now on parties began climbing over the pass, building their boats on the other side, and descending the river farther and farther, working the bars—generally returning to the coast the same year.

The gold was "fine" gold, and it lay in the gravel near the surface, on the heads of what the miners termed "bars." A "bar" is simply the accumulation of gravel and dirt on the inside of the bends of the winding river. They are built up by the wearing down of the high banks against which the current cut at high water.

They are covered, like the rest of the valley, with a growth of cottonwoods or fairly good-sized spruce. The work on them was done only in summer, after the freshet, winter work being then considered impossible, not only on account of the severity of the climate, but by reason of freezing of the water needed to separate the gold. The method of saving the gold was by means of the "rocker." The "rocker" was simply a box on rockers, like a cradle, with a perforated metal top, and a sloping blanket inside. The rocker was set at the edge of the river and the dirt shovelled into the perforated hopper. Water was dipped up in a long-handled dipper and poured in with the dirt, the "rocker" being energetically rocked at the same time by means of an upright handle. The larger stones were removed by hand, the gold falling through perforations and lodging upon the blanket, which at intervals was cleaned, the contents being placed in a bucket with quicksilver until all the fine particles of gold were taken up. The amalgam formed, was squeezed in a cloth filter, and the remaining lump heated over a fire until practically all trace of the quicksilver disappeared. In this manner comfortable sums were taken out—Cassiar Bar, discovered in 1886, yielded to five men six thousand dollars for thirty days' work.

Harper and McQuesten were at Fort Reliance, nearly two hundred miles below Fort Selkirk, from 1873 to 1882, and afterwards at other posts above and below. As the miners worked down stream, many of them, either disinclined or unable to get back the distance of four hundred to six hundred miles to the coast, wintered at the posts, where they could procure provisions. So year by year, as the miners became more numerous, the traders began to cater more and more to the miners' trade.

The winter was a season of enforced idleness. The spring freshet at one end and freezing at the other shortened the working season to about sixty-five days, during which time an average of eight or ten dollars a day had to be made for the next year's grub stake. Every man was a prospector and a hard worker, skilled at boating, accustomed to hardship, rough, yet generous to his fellows. Beyond a few quarrels that would be laughed off by the others, there was no trouble among them. One custom in particular that shows this feeling was that when the 1st of August came, and there were any who had failed to locate a bar, they were given permission to go upon the claims of such as had struck it and to take out enough for the next season's outfit. This peaceable condition has in general characterized the Yukon.

In 1885 the rich bars of the Stewart River were discovered, and with the rush of miners there the next summer Harper, McQuesten, & Co. established a post at the mouth of that river. During the winter which followed there was a shortage of provisions, and the little camp of seventy or eighty men was on the verge of starvation. McQuesten himself had gone out to San Francisco. What caused this shortage was the report that coarse gold had been discovered on Shitanda Creek (a corruption of the Indian name "Zit-zehn-duk"), now called "Forty Mile" Creek, from its being that distance below Fort Reliance. It was late in the fall when report came that Mickey O'Brien, Jim Adams, and two others, named Lambert and Franklin, had found coarse gold. A stampede for the new diggings followed; for the miner does not bother with fine gold when he can get coarse gold. Coarse gold, being heavier, is not carried so far by water as fine gold, and is nearer its source. Those miners who thought they had not enough for the winter bought all the trader would sell them and started for Forty Mile. It was the late comers from up river who suffered in consequence.

A letter with the news of the find was sent out from Stewart River in January, by a man named Williams, with an Indian boy and three dogs. On the summit of Chilkoot they were overtaken by a storm, and were buried for three days in the snow. When the storm abated Williams could not walk, and was carried on the back of the Indian boy four miles to Sheep Camp, whence he was sledded in to Dyea by some Indians, and died in the store of John J. Healy. The dogs were never seen again. The miners congregated from all parts to know what had brought the man out, for the winter journey was considered almost certain death. The Indian boy, picking up a handful of beans, said, "Gold all same like this." The excitement was intense, and that spring over two hundred miners poured in over the pass to Forty Mile.

Forty Mile, unlike other streams that had been prospected, proved to be what the miners call a "bed-rock" creek. The heavy gold, of course, would only lie on or near bed-rock, instead of on top the bars. On Forty Mile bed-rock came to or quite near the surface. Then Franklin Gulch, tributary of Forty Mile, was discovered. In the bed of the small brook the gold was found under several feet of gravel; other tributaries of Forty Mile were discovered, all with good pay. Some of this gold is very beautiful. I have seen a quantity of the gold from Napoleon Gulch as regular as pumpkin seeds in size and shape. Nuggets weighing five hundred dollars have been found.

In the spring the traders moved to Forty Mile, and now, with the post for a base of operations, still richer placers were discovered—in 1893 on Sixty Mile, and in 1894 on Birch Creek.

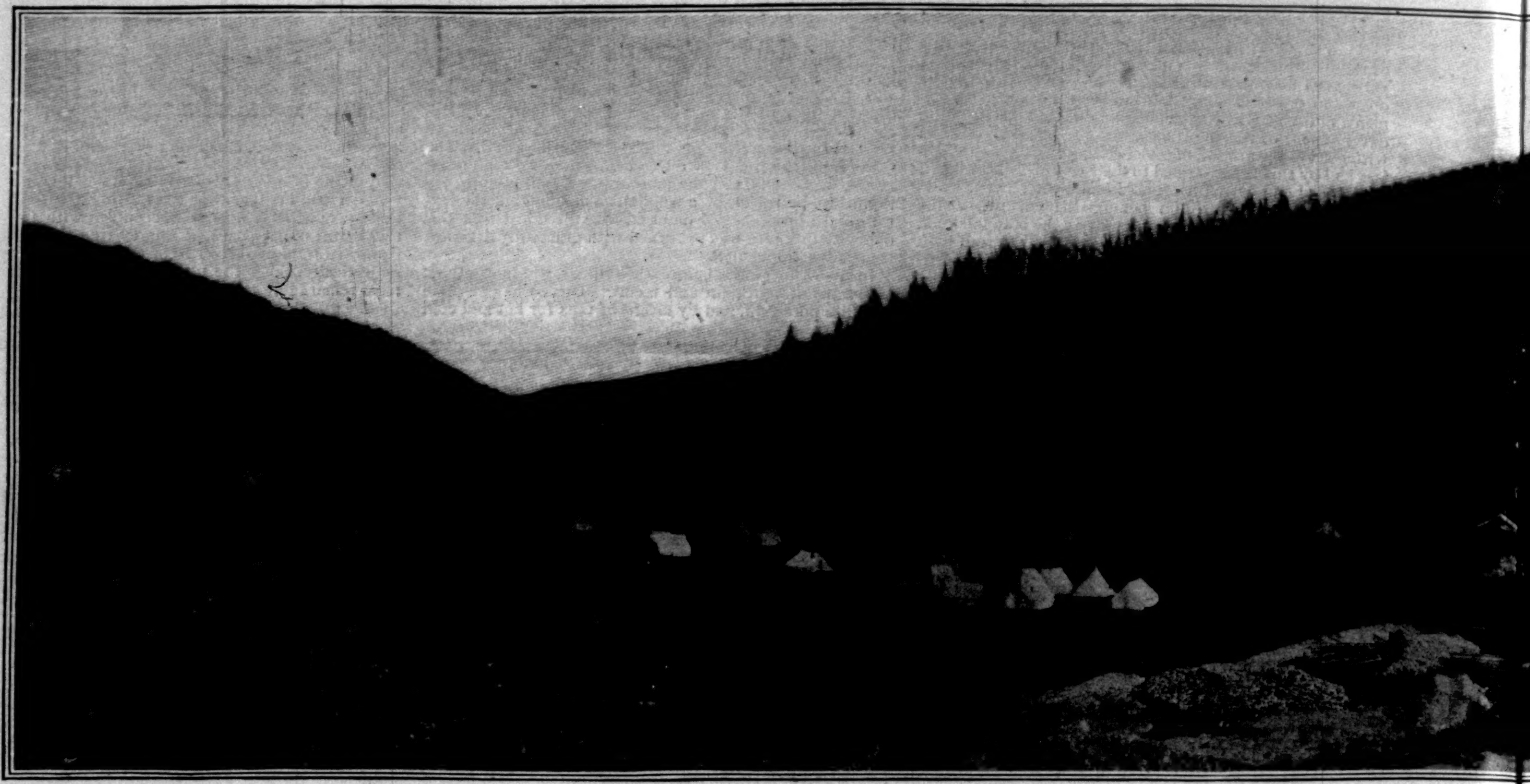
The discovery of heavy gold led to the first change in the method of working. Strings of narrow sluice-boxes, with "riffles" of poles for catching the gold, supplanted the rocker. A dam was built above the claim to obtain the necessary head of water, a "drain ditch" dug to bed-rock, a line of sluice-boxes set up, and the dirt shovelled in; but no quicksilver was used, and whatever fine gold there might be was lost.

The country is one of eternal frost. True, the summers, though short, are warm, the temperature reaching 80°, and by reason of the almost continuous daylight at that season, the warming power of the sun is much increased. But the earth is overlaid with a carpet of moss, which the sun's rays do not penetrate, and the roots of the stunted spruce rest upon perpetual ice.

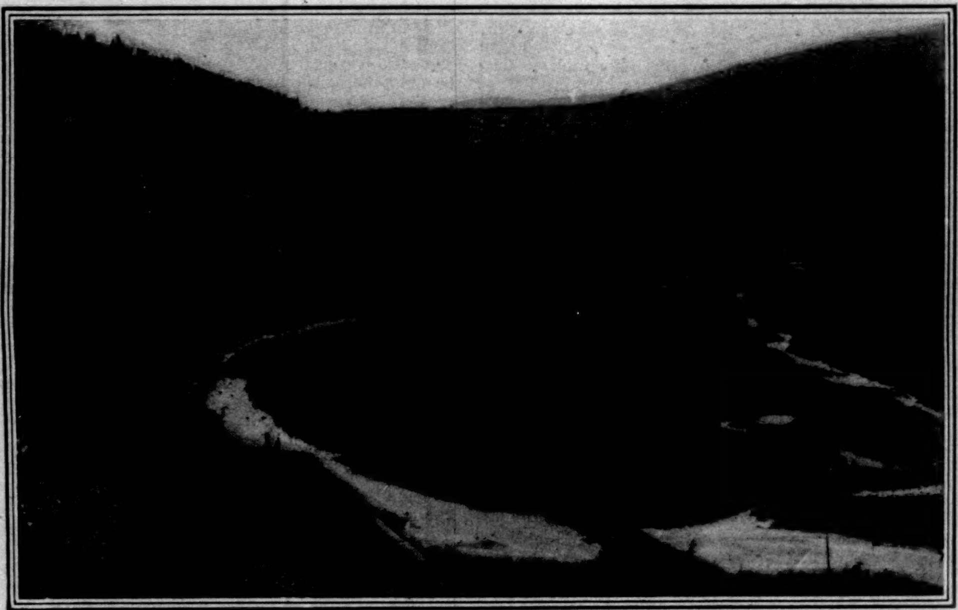
As the top layer of earth was removed by the miner, a foot or so would thaw out each day. The diggings being shallow, it was not difficult to open up a claim in the smaller gulches. On the bars in the larger watercourses it was not feasible to thus turn the water aside. The gold was found to extend in many places underneath the water. Unable to follow this pay streak, such claims had to be abandoned.

Fire, as a means of thawing spots not touched by the sun's rays had been tried without success at Cassiar bar. The idea was regarded as only a boy's wild notion, though now there are claimants for the credit of the first use of the method that was to revolutionize mining in the Yukon. A certain miner on Forty Mile, Fred Hutchinson by name, was working a bar where the pay extended under the water, so that he had to abandon it. Being loath to do so, however, and besides being of a practical turn, like all the old-timers, he conceived the following plan: After the stream had begun to freeze, Hutchinson began to chop the ice above that part of the bar he wished to work, being careful not to break through. As the ice froze downward he continued to pick. Whenever the pick accidentally went through he left it, and used another pick till the first one was frozen in solid. When he reached the gravel he had a perfect coffer-dam of ice around him. Then he built a fire on the ground and thawed the gravel. Hutchinson did not put his discovery to much practical use. The next winter, however, his neighbors took it up, and from that time a few miners began to work in winter. Even these were regarded as fools by the rest, who preferred the dull idleness of the cabins. Some of the miners used to say, "It's getting to be as bad in here as it was outside—work winter and summer both."

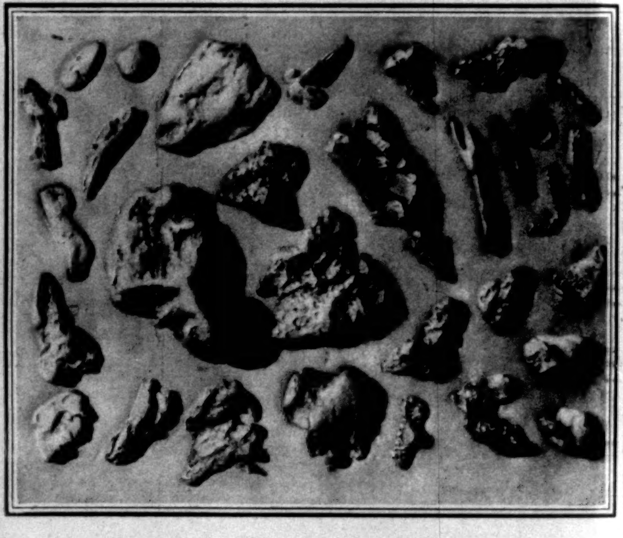
But this was the first value of the new method, that it made twelve months' work possible instead of two. Then as deeper diggings were discovered it became impracticable to elevate the dirt, for it was necessary for the sluice-



PANORAMIC VIEW OF BONANZA CREEK DISTRICT, BETWEEN THE DISCO

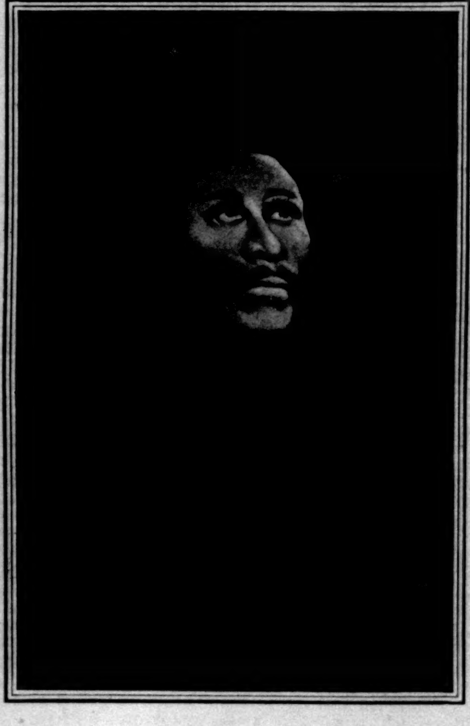


GEORGE CARMACK'S DISCOVERY-CLAIM ON BONANZA CREEK—THE FIRST CLAIM RECORDED IN THE KLONDIKE DISTRICT.

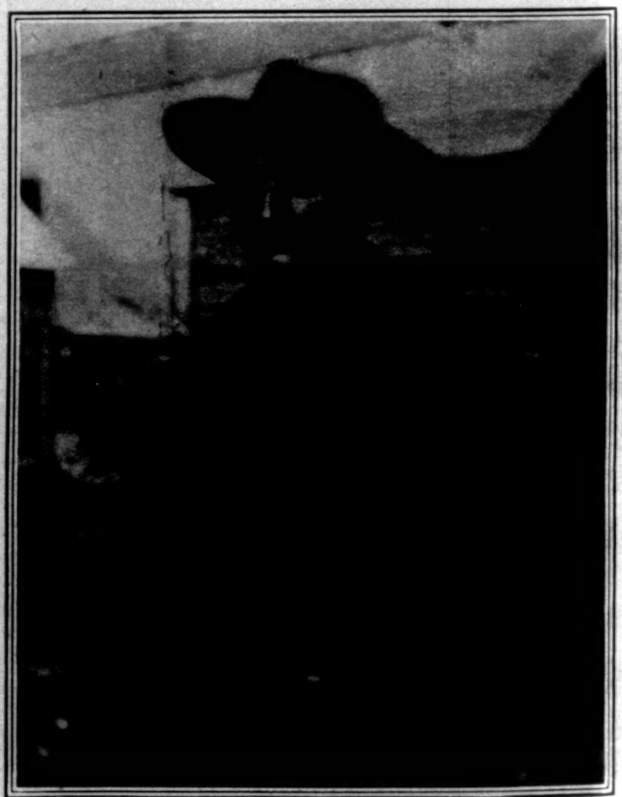


GOLD NUGGETS—TWO-THIRDS NATURAL SIZE.

GEORGE W. CARMACK.
From Photograph by Wilkins.



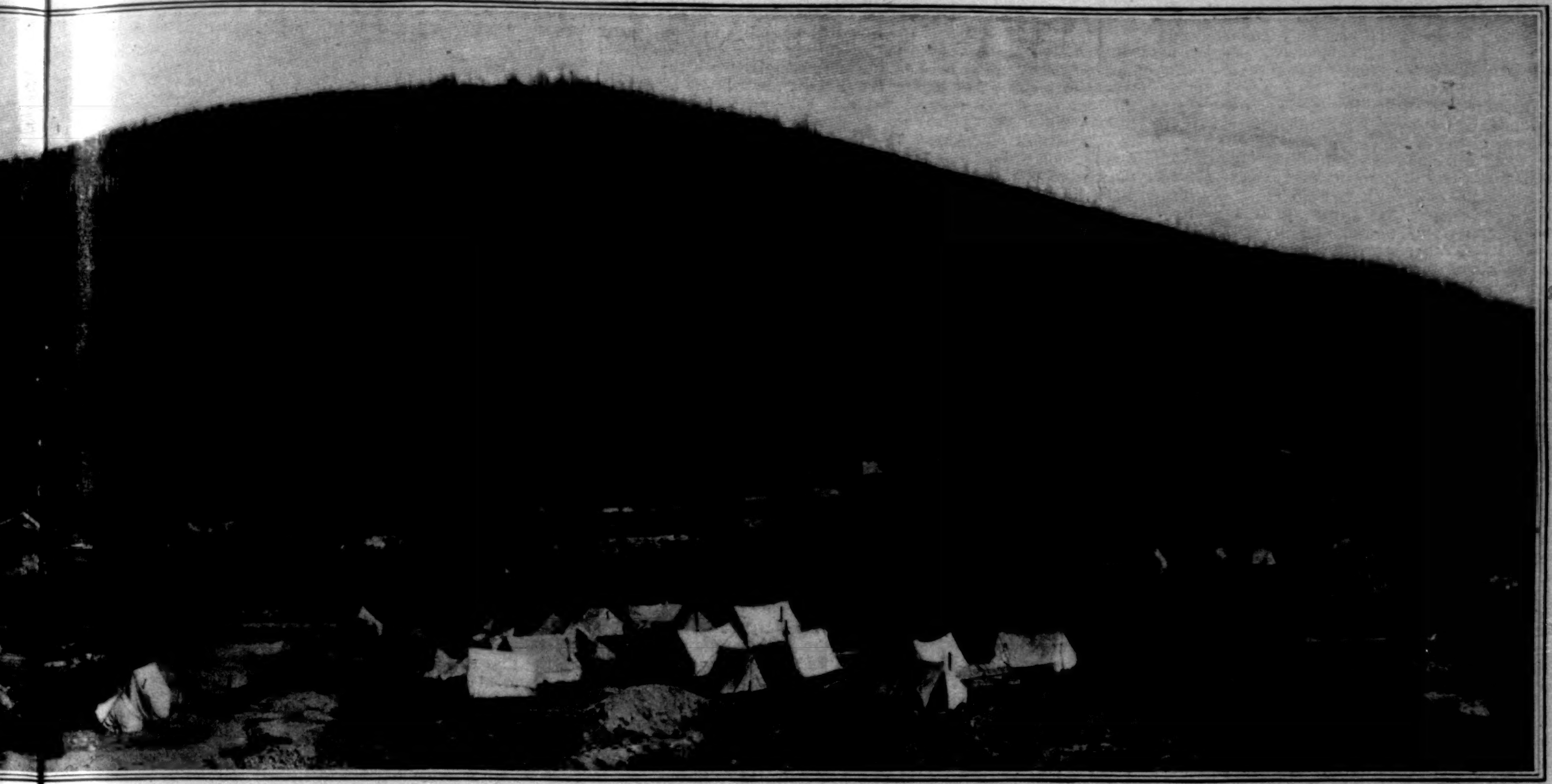
"SKOOKUM JIM."
From Photograph by Wilkins.



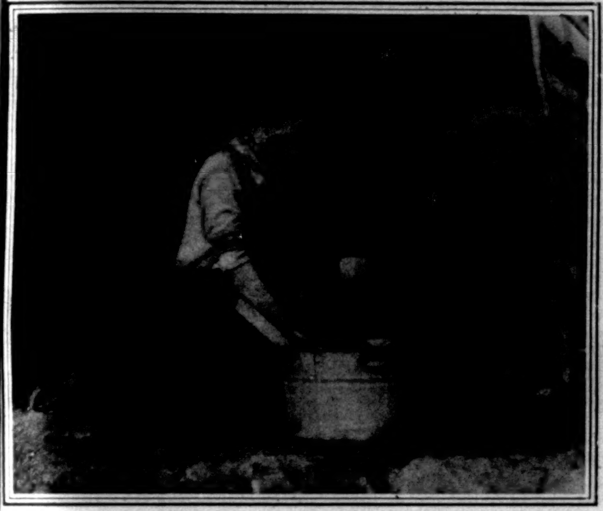
ROBERT HENDERSON,
Discoverer of the Klondike Gold-Fields.

THE KLONDIKE COUNTRY—THE QUEST FOR G

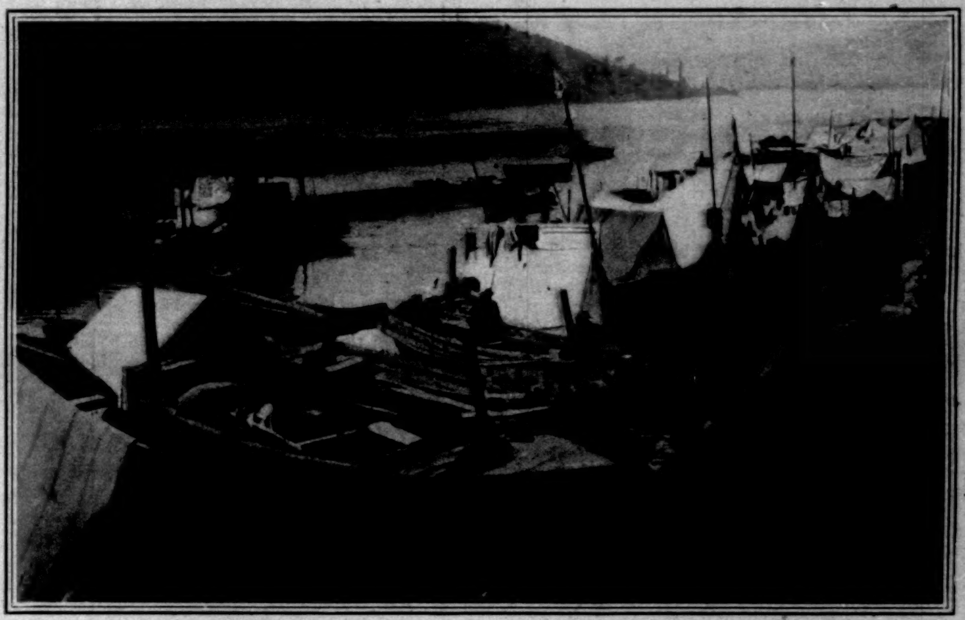
Photographs by Tappan Adney, Special Correspon



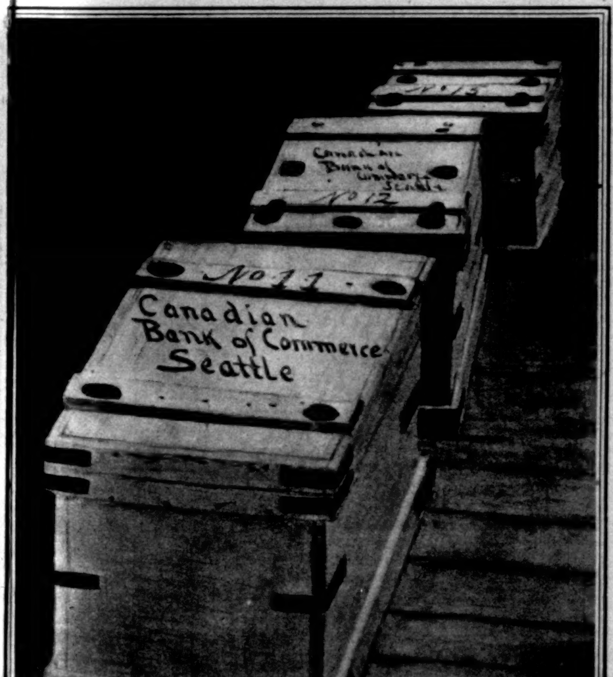
ISCOVERY-CLAIM AND THE HORNS OF BONANZA AND EL DORADO CREEKS.



WASH-DAY.



DAWSON CITY IN SUMMER—BOAT LIFE ALONG SHORE.


No 12
No 11
Canadian
Bank of Commerce
Seattle

BOXES IN WHICH GOLD IS SHIPPED.

LOADING A HORSE WITH GOLD AT THE MINE.

R GOLD, AND THE LIFE OF THE ARGONAUTS.

ESPONDENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."—[SEE PAGE 313.]

boxes to be above the level of the claim. As the art of burning became better known, it became possible to work these deep claims, and from now on claims came to be respectively divided into "summer" diggings and "winter" diggings. The first "drifting" was done by O. C. Miller, the discoverer of Miller Creek. Not only was a hole thawed down to bed-rock, but a tunnel was run, and the whole lower gravel of the claim taken out. Burning may be said to have become of practical use only two or three years before the Klondike discovery, so it can be understood how rapid changes have been.

In 1890, an old-timer, Joe Ladue, built a trading-post in the Yukon at the mouth of Sixty Mile River. Having a belief that other streams would be discovered in that neighborhood as rich as Forty Mile, he advised every miner who stopped at his post to try some other streams. He particularly recommended Indian River, a stream of no great size, entering the Yukon from the east about twenty-five miles below his post and thirty-six miles above Fort Reliance.

In the summer of 1894, a miner by the name of Robert Henderson stopped at Sixty Mile Post. He was a new-comer, lately from Aspen, Colorado, but a Canadian by birth, having been a fisherman at Big Island, Pictou County, Nova Scotia. He was a rugged, earnest man, some six feet tall, with clear blue eyes. Henderson had but ten cents in his pocket, and knowing Ladue's belief in Indian River, he said to him: "I'm a determined man. I won't starve. Let me prospect for you. If it's good for me, it's good for you." Ladue gave him a grub stake, and Henderson went upon Indian River and found that it was as Ladue had said. He could make wages. On that account, he did not desert it for the just then more popular fields of Forty Mile and Birch Creeks, but determined to try again. With the experience of the miner, he knew that farther towards the heads of the tributaries of Indian River he should look for, and probably find, coarse gold, though perhaps not on the surface, as it was on the river. Accordingly, the next summer found Henderson again on Indian. He pushed on, and found "leaf" gold on what is now known as "Australia," one of the main forks seventy-five or eighty miles from the Yukon, one piece being, he says, as large as his thumb-nail. Had he gone up the other fork sufficiently far, he would have discovered the rich diggings of Dominion and Sulphur creeks. Returning, he went back to Sixty Mile. When winter came he put his goods on a sled and went up Quartz Creek, which puts into Indian forty miles from the Yukon. He had no dogs to help him, and it was a very hard trip, taking thirty days for him to reach Quartz Creek. He worked all winter on Quartz Creek, and took out about five hundred dollars, another one hundred dollars, and more being taken out later by other parties. In the spring he went back up toward Australia Creek, getting only fair prospects, nothing that warranted the opening up of a claim. During this time Henderson was living mostly on the game that fell to his rifle. He was alone, and had no partner. Returning from the head of the river, he went up Quartz Creek again. This time he cast eyes longingly toward the ridge of hill at the head of Quartz Creek separating the waters of Indian from those of the then almost unknown Klondike. Crossing over the short sharp divide (it is so sharp that if a cupful of water were poured upon the crest, one half would run one way, the other half the other way), he dropped down into a deep-cleft valley of a small stream running northward. He prospected, and found eight cents to the pan! That meant wages; such a prospect was then considered good. Enthusiastic over the find, Henderson went back over the divide. There were about twenty men on Indian working, mostly at the mouth of Quartz, some of them doing fairly well. Henderson persuaded three of the men, Ed Munson, Frank Swanson, and Albert Dalton, to go back with him.

The four men took over whip-saws, sawed lumber, built sluice-boxes, and opened up a claim in regular fashion about a quarter of a mile below the forks—the spot plainly visible from the divide—and went to shovelling in the gold-bearing dirt.

The stream was the present Gold Bottom (since relegated to the position of a fork of Hunker Creek, running parallel with present Bonanza, and entering the Klondike about nine miles up from its mouth. Hunker Creek was not named nor known then). The amount that they shovelled in on Gold Bottom was seven hundred and fifty dollars. *And that gold was the first gold taken on the Klondike.* It was equally divided between the four men. At that time, if any one had stood on the divide and looked to the westward, he would have seen the valley of a large creek. That creek was known as "Rabbit" Creek—so close to Gold Bottom that if one knows just the right spot on that divide a cup of water would not only have run both ways, into Indian and Gold Bottom, but also into the source of this "Rabbit" Creek. For in this manner are the heads of a number of streams gathered together, as the spokes of a wheel lead to the hub.

Early in August Henderson ran out of provisions, and leaving the others at work, went down Indian River and back to Sixty Mile. There were about a dozen men at the post and at Harper & Ladue's saw-mill, also a party who were on their way to Stewart River. Henderson told them what he had found. He persuaded the Stewart River party to turn back, telling them they would have to look for it, whereas he had *found it.* Ladue at once sent two horses overland with supplies, and all the others went with them excepting Ladue. Henderson fixed up his boat, and with some supplies started down river, leaving Ladue to follow him. On account of low water, he was unable to return up Indian River, and, besides, being nearer, he dropped down to the mouth of the Klondike.

It was the midst of the fishing season. The salmon in the Yukon are very plentiful during their run in August. And some of them are fine fish, the king salmon in particular, even with the great loss in weight they sustain from a journey of sixteen hundred miles from salt water, often weigh as much as fifty pounds. Chief Isaac's village were encamped at the mouth of the Klondike, on the north side, taking the salmon in weirs and drying them on racks in the sun. The Klondike takes its name from its being the river where the fish-weirs are set.

It happened at this time there were also a white man with a squaw, two Indian men, and a boy fishing, but with a stationary net. They were camped across from the Indian village. The white man's name was George Carmack, the squaw was his wife, the Indian men were respectively Skookum Jim and Cultus (worthless), or "Takish," Charlie, while the boy was named K'neth—all Takish Indians. Charlie was a big chief of the Takish. Jim would have been chief, being the son of the former chief, but among the Takish the descent is through the chief's sister. Jim and Charlie therefore, though called brothers, were really cousins, and were brothers-in-law of Carmack. This Carmack was originally a sailor on a man-of-war, but had taken up his abode with the Chilkoots at Dyea, and married a Takish wife. Carmack liked the life with the Indians. It is said that one couldn't please him more than to say, "Why, George, you're getting every day more like a Siwash!" "Siwash George" is the name by which he became generally known. Carmack had been over the pass years before, and both he and the Indians, who were his inseparable companions, knew something of mining, though they could hardly be called miners.

Carmack was outfitted by John J. Healy at Dyea to do trading with the Takish and other interior Indians. Carmack built a post which is called "McCormick's" post. (Be it observed that this is the universal but erroneous pronunciation of the name Carmack.) It is situated on the bank of the Yukon about twenty miles above Five Finger Rapids. If any one, on that wild stampede into Dawson in the fall of 1897, had taken the trouble to stop there, he would have seen fastened against one of the rough log buildings a paper with this writing upon it, "Gone to Forty Mile for grub." Under the floor they could have found a bear-skin robe and some other things. This notice had been put up in the summer of the year 1895. The occupants evidently intended to return.

The white man and the Indians secured their outfit at Fort Selkirk from Mr. Harper. The following year—that of the strike—Carmack dropped down to Forty Mile, but soon returned as far as the mouth of the Klondike for the fishing, where he was joined by his Indians. They had their nets set in the Yukon just below the mouth of the Klondike—and were drying and curing their catch, Indian fashion, when Henderson, on his way back to Gold Bottom, came along.

When Henderson's boat touched shore he saw Carmack. "There," he thought, "is a poor devil who hasn't struck it." He went down to where Carmack was, told him of his prospects on Gold Bottom, and told him he had better come up and stake. At first Carmack did not want to go, but Henderson urged. At length Carmack consented to go, but then he wanted to take the Klondike Indians up also, as well as his own. Henderson demurred at that, and, being frank, may have said something not complimentary about "Siwashes" in general. It has been reported that he said that he "didn't intend to stake the whole Siwash tribe," and he added, "I want to give the preference to my old Sixty Mile friends." What effect this may have had on subsequent events I do not know; I can only surmise, that it may have had some.

Next morning Henderson went on up by way of the mouth of Gold Bottom. Carmack with his three Indians followed soon, but instead of taking the rather more roundabout way, went up "Rabbit" Creek, the mouth of which is a mile from the Yukon. Henderson reached Gold Bottom first. When Carmack arrived, he showed some colors of gold that he himself had found on "Rabbit" Creek. Colors are single grains of gold; they are found everywhere in the Yukon Valley—"colors" and "pay" are by no means to be confounded. I have found them on top of ice cakes in the Yukon. The Indians and Carmack staked each a claim on Gold Bottom. When they were ready to go, Henderson asked Carmack if he intended to prospect on the way back, to which he replied that he did. Then Henderson asked him, if he found anything, would he not send back one of his Indians that he had gold, and would pay him for the trouble, to which, Henderson asserts Carmack said he would.

Leaving Henderson and his partners at work, we will follow Carmack homeward.

A few miles' walk along bald crest of the divide brings one into the forks of "Rabbit" Creek, some distance from its head. Five miles more in the thick spruce-timbered valley, a large tributary puts in on the left-hand side. Edges of rock extending from the hill-sides show the rock formation of the country. The stream winds over a bed muck, in which the only stones or rock are those that have tumbled down from the crumbling ledges. Bed-rock, the solid bottom of the creek, is no one knows how far down below this muck.

About half a mile below the large tributary just mentioned the party stopped to rest. They had been panning here and there. Carmack dropped off to sleep, it is said. Skookum Jim, taking the pan, went to the rim of the creek, at the foot of an old birch-tree, and filled it with dirt. Washing it in the creek, he found a large showing of gold. Right under the grass-roots, Jim said, he found from ten cents to one dollar to the pan. In a little while, it is said, they filled a shot-gun cartridge with coarse gold. The strangest thing was that this gold was not from the creek-bed proper, but had slid down from an ancient creek-bed on the "bench," or hill-side, diggings that were unknown and not discovered until a year later. Carmack staked off Discovery claim for himself, and five hundred feet above and below for his two Indian companions, Skookum Jim taking No. 1 above Discovery, and Cultus Charlie No. 1 below. The date of this is variously given as the 16th and 17th of August.

After staking, they rushed off for Forty Mile, or rather Fort Cudahy, established by the North-American Transportation and Trading Company on the opposite side of Forty Mile Creek. The recorder, or acting gold commissioner, was here in the person of Inspector Constantine of the detachment of Northwest Mounted Police. The creek was named Bonanza.

Carmack's story of $2 50 to the pan was not believed, though it was not doubted that he had found gold. A stampede followed. Drunken men were thrown into boats. I knew of one man who was tied and made to go along. But there was no excitement beyond what attends a stampede for locations on any creek on which gold has been found. It differed in no respect, apparently, from scores of other stampedes. There are always persons about a mining camp ready to start on a stampede simply as a chance, whether good prospects have been found or not. Whole creeks have been staked out on the belief that gold would subsequently be found. So the excitement of this earlier stage was of small significance. It was that of the professional stampeder, so to speak—rounders about the saloons, some new arrivals, but few old miners, the latter being still in the diggings up the creek.

The first to arrive at the scene of the new discovery began staking down stream. That also was a stampeder's custom. The chances were considered better there than above. It is all nonsense the talk one has begun to hear of persons who would have one believe "got in on choice locations" by reason of their superior foresight. It was blind luck. The staking went on down stream for six miles, and then began above, continued for seven or eight miles up stream, before the side gulches were thought of seriously.

Ladue, who had started for the mouth of the Klondike behind Henderson, was among the first to reach the heart of the strike. Ladue staked the town site on a broad flat below the mouth of the Klondike. There already was one building there—a fish-drying shed belonging to Fritz Klote. Then Ladue started for Forty Mile, but meeting a man who wanted some lumber, he sent his application by another party, returned to the mill at Sixty Mile, and soon after returned to the mouth of the Klondike with nails, spikes, and lumber, built a warehouse of lumber just opposite the present Alaska Commercial Company's warehouse, 22 by 40 feet, and built a cabin—the first in Dawson—the name given the new town in honor of the Canadian geologist. It was torn down last winter on account of being in the middle of the front street. The Alaska Commercial Company steamer *Arctic* having arrived at Forty Mile, bound for Fort Selkirk, hurried on to the new town, arriving in September. The ice was running in the river. After discharging, she hurried back to Forty Mile, but was frozen in before she could be placed in a safe place, and the next spring, in trying to get her free of the ice before she was crushed, a stick of dynamite, intended for the ice, destroyed the steamer.

Among the first to hear of the strike were four men who came from above—Dan McGilvray, Dave McKay, Dave Edwards, and Harry Waugh—and they located Nos. 3, 14, 15, and 16 below Discovery. These men did the first sluicing that was done on the creek, and they made the first clean-up with five boxes set. The figures are lacking for their first shovelling, but on the second they cleaned up thirteen and a half ounces of gold ($329 50), being five hours' work of one man shovelling. The gold varied from the size of pin-heads to nuggets, one of $12 being found. Now the Klondike magnifier began his work with this curious result, that the lies of to-day were surpassed by the truth of to-morrow, until it came to be accepted that, "You can't tell no lies about Klondike." McGilvray and the rest had perhaps fifteen hundred dollars, surely a large sum in that country and for the time they had worked. Ladue weighed the gold, and as he came out of the store he said to some assembled miners, "How's that for two and a half days' shovelling in—$4008?" Next time it was an even $4000, two days' shovelling. The liability to exaggeration about a mining camp is so great that it is impossible for any one to escape who writes or speaks in the midst of affairs concerning any specific find. A man with a town site must also be allowed a great deal of latitude in such matters. But soon the joke was on the other side. Men who were on the spot would not believe anything they heard. Two of the men working on Indian River came down, heard of the strike. Says one to his partner, "Shall we go up and stake?" Replied the other, "Why, I wouldn't go across the river on that old Siwash's word" (meaning Carmack). They wish now they had, but they went on down to Forty Mile.

There were a few old-timers in the procession up from Forty Mile. They knew all about Klondike. It was nothing but a moose pasture. It was not like some other place where they had seen gold, and so there could be none there. They climbed the hills and walked along the divide until they could look down into the valley of Bonanza. Here many of them stopped and threw up their hands in disgust. Others went the round of the creek, cursing and swearing at those who told them to come there. One old-timer got up as far as 20 above, where the last stakes were. He surveyed the prospect, and as he turned away remarked, "I'll leave it to the Swedes." (The Swedes were supposed to be willing to work the poorest ground.) Another, or it may have been the same, is said to have written on the stakes of 21, not the usual "I claim," etc. but, "*This moose pasture is reserved for the Swedes and Cheechahkoes*" (new-comers). Louis Rhodes staked it right afterwards. When he had written his name, he said to his companions, being ashamed of staking in such a place, that he "would cut his name off for two bits" (twenty-five cents). From that claim the next summer he took out forty-four thousand and odd dollars.

But all that and much more was hidden in the future. A Klondike claim was not considered worth anything. One-half interest in one of the richest El Dorado claims was sold for a sack of flour. A few thousand dollars could have bought up the creek from end to end.

Some who had provisions remained to prospect, others returned to Forty Mile, just as the miners were beginning to come in from the diggings, to learn for the first time of a strike on Klondike. Among these was a Swede of the name of Charlie Anderson. Anderson must have heard something favorable about the prospects. A person approached him, and said, "Charlie, don't you want to buy a claim on Klondike?" "I don't care if I do. How much do you want?" "I'll let you have 29 on El Dorado for $800." "I'll take it," replied Anderson, and weighed out the dust. The enterprising salesman went about boasting how he had played Charlie for a "sucker," only he wanted some one to kick him for not having asked him $1200. He believed he could have got it just as easily as he did the $800. The man who sold the claim was in Dawson last winter, and had he cared he could have watched Charlie Anderson getting out his third one hundred thousand dollars, with the probability of at least another hundred thousand to come out of ground yet unworked. El Dorado was not liked as well as Adams Creek, just below it. A late comer went up Adams, found a man staking for himself and family (by this time the real excitement had begun). Said the late-comer: "I've come a good way. What you are doing is illegal, and I want a claim and mean to have one." The man who was staking told him he would like to have his friends near him, and offered him stakes on 15 El Dorado, if that would do as well. It was accepted. Nothing has yet been found on Adams.

How was the news of the Klondike discovery received on the lower river? Forty Mile, being the seat of the recorder, was of course the first to hear all the reports and rumors. This can best be told in the words of one who was there in Forty Mile town at the time. "Nobody believed any of the first reports about gold on the Klondike. You see, there never was any money in the lower country. A man would come in after a hard summer's work with a poke [a poke is a gold-sack] that a man would be ashamed of here in Dawson. They owed the stores for their last year's outfit, and they'd pay for that, and get credit on next year's outfit. The stores had rather have it that way than not. They were sure a man would not leave the country without paying, or with a small stake, so they'd be sure sooner or later of getting all he made. They were a pretty good class of men in the lower country, and most of them could get credit. A man would come into a saloon, and all he'd have would be one drink or one dance. You'd never see them asking up three or four at once to drink. Why, there weren't but three men in Forty Mile that could afford to get drunk. They did nothing all winter but sit around where it was warm, playing pedro, solitaire, and casino. Word came to Forty Mile that Louis Rhodes had two men working for him, and was getting good pay. 'That's a lie,' says one man. 'Louis Rhodes! when was *he* able to hire two men?' Next word came down that Ben Wall was getting two-bit dirt. 'Hell!' says Nigger Jim; 'I've known Ben Wall these ten years, and he's the all-firedest liar in the Yukon.' When they heard that Berry was getting one dollar to the pan, they laughed. Klondike was a bunco—nothing but a bunco." These words were spoken in what the miners call "josh," but they were true, nevertheless.

Circle City, 230 miles farther away than Forty Mile, did not get the news so soon. The first report that reached Circle was of a discovery on Klondike—an ounce to the "shovel," shovelling off the surface. This, in miners' parlance, means that one man had shovelled into the sluice-boxes gold to the value of one ounce—seventeen dollars—per day. The next news was when Sam Bartlett came down with a raft of logs which he had failed to land at Forty Mile. Bartlett said it was a "bilk"; that Joe Ladue was only trying to get men up to his town site—he had stopped there, but would not stake. The next news came to Oscar Ashby from a friend, about the middle of November. The river was then closed, and the letter came down over the ice. There were about seventy-five men in Oscar's saloon when the letter was read. It was somewhat to this effect, telling Ashby to buy all the property he could on Klondike, it did not make any difference what the prices were: "This is one of the richest strikes in the world. It is a world-beater. I can't tell how much gold we are getting to the pan. I never saw or heard of the like of such a thing in my life. I myself saw $150 panned out of one pan of dirt, and I think they are getting as high as $1000." The crowd in the saloon had a big laugh, and thought so little of it that they never spoke of it again. "It disgusted them that men were so crazy as to write that way," to quote the words of one who was present. Soon after another letter came. This time it was to Harry Spencer and Frank Densmore, from a party with whom they were well acquainted. Densmore at once fitted out a dog team and went up. After he got up he wrote back to Spencer, relating the whole particulars. He repeated the words of the others—namely, that he really could not tell what they *were* finding: it was immensely rich; he had never seen anything like it. Now Spencer and Densmore had large interests in Circle City, so the men knew it could be no lie; they were compelled to believe it. The wildest stampede resulted. Every dog that could be bought, begged, or stolen was pressed into service, and those who could not get dogs started hauling their own sleds, men and even women, until in two weeks there were not twenty people left in Circle, and of those part were cripples and could not travel. In a short while there were not even that number left, a report giving the actual number as two men and one woman. No. 31 El Dorado sold for $100; in six months it resold for $31,000. It may be worth $150,000 now. All hands left for Klondike, 280 miles away. Those who had claims deserted them, and those who had outfits took a few things and left the rest in a cache, where they are to this day. One man alone, William Farrel, of 60 above on Bonanza, left a thousand dollars' worth of provisions, five full claims on one creek, fully a dozen other interests, all considered good prospects; and, says he, "I haven't paid any attention to them since." By the time the Circle City crowd arrived Bonanza was staked to 60 below and into the 60's above, and also the side creeks, El Dorado and Adams. So that the late comers had to go into the smaller side gulches or else buy in, which latter many of them did, so that on such as El Dorado it soon came about that few of the original stakers were left, having sold out at ridiculous prices. The lower country was nearly deserted. The Klondike, or rather that spot of it where the first big finds were made, was undeniably richer than anything yet discovered in the lower country. But still another fact contributed to the completeness of the stampede, namely, that water was troubling them badly that summer in the Birch Creek district. There were between three hundred and four hundred miners about Circle City, some of whom were as far back as eighty miles distant, on the head of Birch Creek. In August, as soon as they heard of the Klondike strike, they packed their goods back, sold them for what they would bring, bought dogs, and started for Klondike, not a few arriving with enough money to buy in at once. In the whole country—Birch, Miller, and Forty Mile Creek—there were not less than fifteen hundred people.

The miners built their cabins, and, when the water in the creeks was frozen, drifting began on all but those claims that the owners did not care to work, or preferred working the next summer. Though shallow enough in many places for summer work, the diggings began to prove deeper than those in the lower country.

The first mail that went out carried the news to friends and relatives, advising them that a big strike had been made. It reached them in January and February, and they started. Crossing the pass in spring, they came down on the high water in June, and though unable to get in on the main creeks, many of them located other creeks that are showing up rich. That the report of the great strike should have been common property six months before the excitement outside is hard to understand. One scarcely knows whether to attribute the world's acute attack of insanity to the sight of the gold displayed in the windows of San Francisco and Seattle or to the adroit manipulation of the story of the miners' arrival by certain sensational newspapers—in one case to boom the Alaska outfitting business, in the other as the result of the rivalry of New York and San Francisco newspapers.

But where, during the time that Bonanza and El Dorado were being staked, were Bob Henderson and his partners? They were shovelling and digging away on their claims on Gold Bottom. Henderson had also been upon another fork of the stream and made another discovery, one panful showing as high as thirty-five cents to the pan.

After Bonanza was staked into the 80's above and El Dorado to 33—or over three miles—a party of miners, including George Wilson and James McNamee, came over the divide to Gold Bottom.

Henderson asked them where they were from. They replied, "Bonanza Creek."

Henderson says that he did not want to display his ignorance. He had never heard of "Bonanza" Creek. At length he asked where Bonanza Creek was. They pointed over the hill.

"'Rabbit' Creek! What have you got there?"

"We have the biggest thing in the world."

"Who found it?"

"McCormick."

It is said Henderson threw down his shovel and went and sat on the bank, so sick at heart that it was some time before he could speak.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LONDON

March 11, 1899.

THE government are in a mess. Last year they had a surplus, which was squandered by remitting $7,500,000 from the tobacco tax, the effect of which was not to benefit the consumer by one cent, but to please certain wealthy wholesale tobacco merchants and manufacturers, some of whom happen to be the influential constituents of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. This year there is a big deficit. The navy estimates for 1899–1900 show an increase of nearly $15,000,000 upon those of 1898–9, the total which Parliament is asked to vote for war-ships and their appurtenances being not far short of $140,000,000. Much speculation exists as to how government will get out of their difficulty. The *Times* proposes the reimposition of a shilling tax on corn and a cent on sugar. It is as practical to suggest that the clothing of the people should be replaced by woad, and that national defence should revert to the use of archery and coracles. Taxes on food are not likely to be imposed while Demos retains his power, common-sense, and crowds of courtiers.

Non-smoking teetotalers over here pay nothing for the support of the monarchy, or the army and navy, except through a slight duty on tea and coffee. The concentration of taxation into a very few forms has been carried in England to an exaggerated extent. In prosperous times the evil is little felt, but in times of diminished prosperity it is desirable that the burden of taxation should be diffused over a wide area. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach is a rather short-tempered personage, is obstinate in opinion, and as he threw away $7,500,000 last year, he is unlikely to stultify himself by imposing new duties if he can escape the necessity by raising old ones. The political evil of narrowing the basis of taxation to its present basis is a real one, and now that we are face to face with a serious deficit for the first time for many years, it is apparent that the reaction against the abuses of the old fiscal system has been carried too far. In England the class that is politically omnipotent contributes least to the public revenues. In 1869 the then Chancellor of the Exchequer—the albino Lowe, afterwards Lord Sherbrooke—abolished the shilling registration duty on corn. Nobody felt it, and if it had been left on to-day it would have brought in over $10,000,000 per annum. The income tax to-day is at eight pence. It is a war tax, and presses hard on the middle classes. Mr. Gladstone considered the income tax "unjust, unequal, and demoralizing." He promised to abolish it. Instead of abolishing it, when he regained office he increased it. It has steadily risen since as the political influence of the payers of income tax has steadily receded.

A statesman of the highest class would probably choose this opportunity for revising the fiscal system of the United Kingdom in accordance with the altered necessities of the time. It may be safely predicted, however, that in the fifth year of its life, and with a sense of impending mortality, ministers are less likely to be guided by lofty ideal than by political expediency. The income-tax payer is politically impotent, and can therefore be made to stand and deliver, squeal how he may. The way in which the money is raised, however, is comparatively immaterial. Our relations abroad are in a more strained and difficult position than is generally known, notwithstanding the latest settlement of the latest Anglo-Russian difference, and the needs of the navy must still be attended to, whatever the cost may be. The British navy is not yet strong enough. On the 1st of January in this year England had sixty-three battle-ships built and building against sixty-eight belonging to France and Russia, and included in the British total were ten vessels armed with the muzzle-loading gun. Four of England's sixty-three battle-ships were more than twenty-five years old. The shooting of the British navy is declared by experts to leave something to be desired. Two or three of our admirals are taking steps to improve the shooting of their squadrons, but there is no doubt that we are still behind our American cousins. No British ship can show a record, such as the *Philadelphia* held in 1897, of ninety-two per cent. of hits. Still, the development of the navy proceeds vigorously, and if it were not for the short deliveries of armor plates, new construction would be considerably more advanced than it is.

MR. GOSCHEN, the First Lord of the Admiralty, made his annual statement on Thursday. It was difficult to imagine that the bent old man, with weak eyesight and husky voice, as he peered painfully into the papers which he held within an inch of his eyes, had in his trembling hands the strings of the naval majesty and might of Great Britain. Mr. Goschen, like Lord Herschell, was the son of a foreign Jew, and distinguished himself in commercial matters at an early age. His book *The Theory of Foreign Exchanges* is still a classic. As a financier he rapidly formed a great reputation, inferior to no Chancellor of the Exchequer in the latter half of the century, unless it be Mr. Gladstone himself. He quitted business for politics early in life with a large fortune. Twenty years ago he was First Lord of the Admiralty under Mr. Gladstone, and is therefore not new to the post. The Navy League, a body of citizens formed for the purpose of influencing public opinion in keeping the Admiralty up to the mark, thus avoiding alternations of panic and wasteful outlay, is understood to be Mr. Goschen's peculiar aversion. As Naval Minister, however, Mr. Goschen has satisfied the Navy League to a greater extent than any of his predecessors, and although the burden of the British navy now amounts to nearly $150,000,000 yearly, even so great a premium of insurance is a good investment against commercial panic. Mr. Goschen belongs to the old order that is passing away. He has done good work for the country, but the time is rapidly approaching when he and others of his epoch will make way for younger and stronger men.

Mr. Goschen's speech in introducing the navy estimates was marked by a notable offer to the French and Russian governments. He stated on behalf of the government that if the other great naval powers were prepared to diminish their programmes of ship-building, we should on our side be prepared to meet such a procedure by modifying ours. Mr. Goschen is safe in making this offer. In Russia, as in France, there is a war party, which now, if the information I have is correct, has gained the upper hand for the time being. The young Tsar, not being a member of the war party, can do little to promote his own pacific schemes which he has so much at heart, and hence the significant announcement that the organ of the Peace Party, formed by Mr. W. T. Stead for the specific purpose of helping forward the Tsar's proposals—a journal entitled *War Against War*—is forbidden circulation in Russia itself. The war party in Russia includes among it some exceedingly able men, who are of opinion that there is no room in Asia for the Anglo-Saxon race while the Slavs are there. A great majority of my countrymen believe what they want to believe when they express their conviction that nothing is wanted for the peace of the world but "an arrangement with Russia." Would that it were so! The Russia of the war party now in the ascendant does not want an arrangement with England; she wants Asia—a desire that will not be gratified by the effusion of ink.

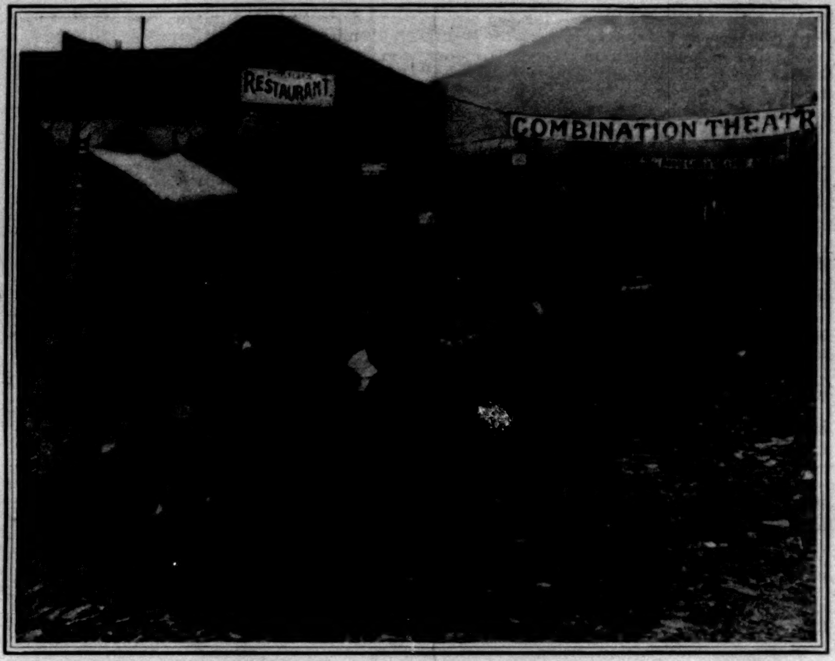
LORD CHARLES BERESFORD is back in the House of Commons, delighted with his American reception, and full of the belief that his plans meet with the approval of the great bulk of the American people. I do not gather, however, that he has brought with him any definite expression of opinion from prominent Americans that would indicate any material advance having been made in an international understanding with England on the subject of the break-up of China. Lord Charles is busily engaged in preparing his report to the Chambers of Commerce, and until that is completed he does not intend to speak further in public. There is reason to believe that the government are somewhat anxious as to the line Lord Charles will take on the subject of their neglected duties in China. It is significant that Lord Charles Beresford was the guest of Sir William Walrond, the chief government whip, on the first night of his arrival in the House of Commons.

DURING the past week the opening of a new great central railway into London marks an event of historical significance. No railway is ever again likely to enter the heart of the metropolis from the north; for, owing to the vast space required for a terminus and the necessary accommodation for all classes of traffic, there is no site which could be acquired for such a purpose. No railway has entered London for thirty-one years, when the Midland obtained an entrance. The appalling growth of London is a subject that is beginning to occupy the anxious attention of our rulers. The traffic in the streets is becoming unmanageable. Empty cabs are no longer allowed to ply for hire along the main routes of thoroughfare. This plan for diminishing the traffic has had some ameliorative effect. A bill is now before Parliament, the object of which is to confer upon the commissioners of police still further powers, which will enable them to divert omnibuses, drays, and private carriages. Certain thoroughfares in the London season in the middle of May become wedged into an impenetrable block like the lumber on a Canadian river. The pressure of the population on certain areas corresponds to the pressure in the streets. Not a room is to be hired in the Whitechapel district. Discreditable scenes have taken place at some of the London railway depots which deal with the passenger traffic for the working-men who live out of London, while the season-ticket-holders of a superior class crowd into the railway cars until they are packed like herrings in a barrel. So great is the over-pressure upon the means of conveyance in and out of London in the morning and evening that disorder requiring the intervention of the police is of constant occurrence.

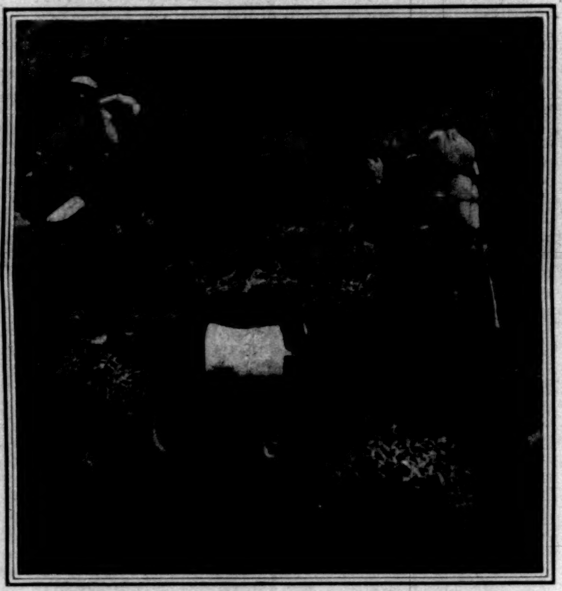
THE effect on the health of the people of much of the over-crowding that now takes place does not lend itself to statistical purposes; that over-crowding is, however, a growing evil is unfortunately an indisputable fact. The water-supply of London, too, is becoming inadequate. Almost every summer the poorer inhabitants at the east end of the city go wanting, and although means have now been arranged for the intercommunication of the water-mains of the different companies who enjoy the monopoly of supplying the metropolis with this necessary of life, it must be years before fresh arrangements can be made for the supply of the redundant population of London. When William Cobbett called London the "Wen," it only contained half the population of to-day. People now come to live in London for no better reason than because they are dull in the country. The value of land increases year by year. The great ground landlords are rich beyond the dreams of avarice. One of the problems of the coming century will not only be that caused by the over-crowding of London, but by the growth of all the great cities to which population is attracted in excess of the provisions made for their accommodation.

Arnold White.

PAYING A BILL WITH GOLD-DUST.



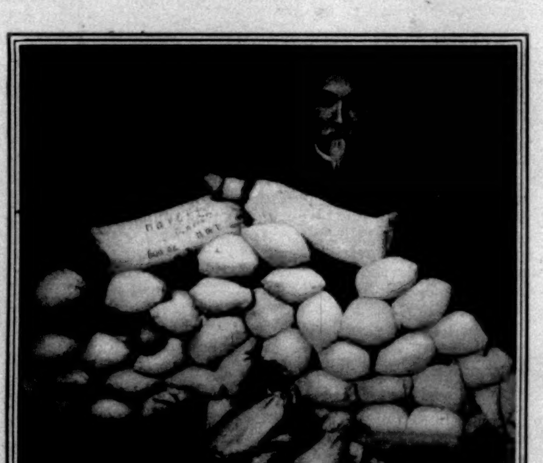
DOG PACK-TRAIN WORKING BETWEEN DAWSON AND THE MINES.



A PROSPECTOR AND HIS DOG.

DINNER-TIME ON A NEW CLAIM.

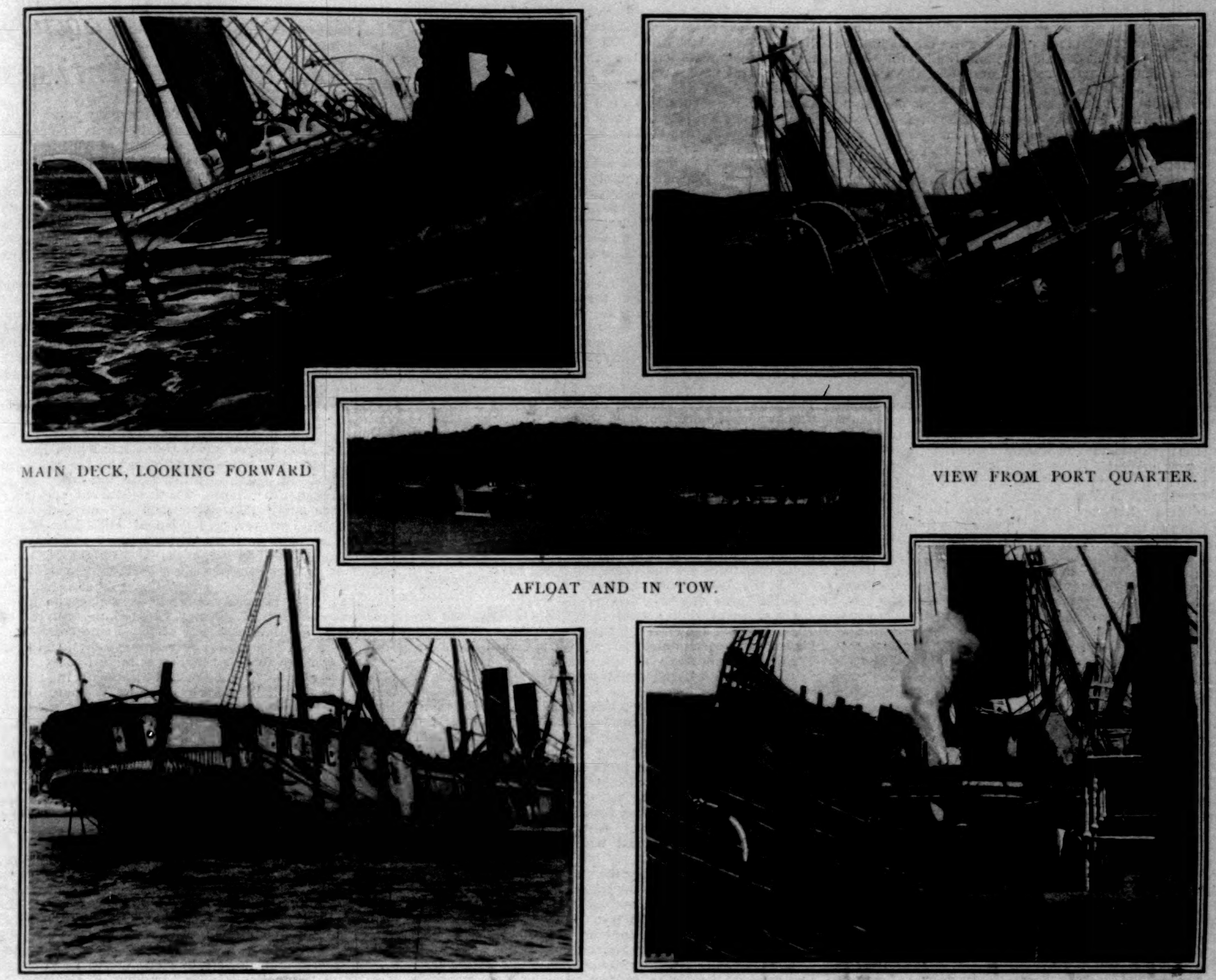
LOADING BOXES OF GOLD FOR SHIPMENT OUT.



A MILLION AND A HALF IN GOLD-DUST.

THE KLONDIKE COUNTRY—THE QUEST FOR GOLD, AND THE LIFE OF THE ARGONAUTS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TAPPAN ADNEY, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."—[SEE PAGE 313.]



MAIN DECK, LOOKING FORWARD

VIEW FROM PORT QUARTER.

AFLOAT AND IN TOW.

VIEW FROM STARBOARD QUARTER.

FALSE BULWARKS BUILT ON PORT SIDE UNDER WATER.
The Water inside was then pumped out and the Ship floated.

SANTIAGO—RAISING THE SUNKEN SPANISH CRUISER "REINA MERCEDES," MARCH 2, 1899.
PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN ESPECIALLY FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."—[SEE PAGE 320.]

FIGHTING IN THE PHILIPPINES—*The Revolt*

By John F. Bass, Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly"

THE BLOCK-HOUSE BATTLE OF MANILA

February 5, 1899.

IT is not that we whipped the army of the Republica Filipina at every point, for the outcome of that fight was never for a moment doubtful; it is not that the Filipinos fought bravely, and that their bodies cover the rice-swamps about Manila from Fort San Antonio Abad to the hill of San Juan del Monte, and from the hill of San Juan del Monte to the sea-shore in front of Tondo; it is not the heroism of the Fourteenth Infantry in their long fight for the possession of Pasay, or the brilliant charge of the Washington regiment into San Pedro Macati, or the gallant dash of the Nebraskans and Tennessee mountaineers over the bridge of San Juan del Monte and up the steep hill on the other side, or the equally magnificent charge of the Third Artillery up to the Chinese church—it is that every officer and every soldier of the United States army did his duty, and did it with the dash which is a peculiar characteristic of our race. For the first time since I have been in the Philippines I am proud of being an American. And the cause of all this efficient success is—whisper it not in Gath—that events so crowded themselves upon the Governor-General here that there was no time to consult Washington. The situation demanded immediate action, and General Otis and all under his command acted with the freedom in details of execution which always forms the basis of any Anglo-Saxon success.

No man is omnipresent, and no doubt I shall leave out many men who deserve praise, but let what I saw and heard stand as examples of what happened along the whole line.

The Nebraska camp lies outside of Manila, in a plain under the hill of San Juan del Monte, from which it is separated by a sluggish stream. This camp formed the apex furthest from the sea in the irregular angle of our lines about Manila. The camp was exposed on three sides to the fire of the enemy—from across the river on the right and front, and from the hill of San Juan del Monte on the left. On a knoll just back of this camp, called Santa Mesa, stands the large house of an Englishman. From here a good view of all the surrounding block-houses may be had. To one side, across the Pasig River, is the town of Santa Ana; a little further up, where the river bends in towards the front of the camp, is San Pedro Macati. On the same side of the river three block-houses point their roofs up among the bamboo. Several churches, filled with insurgents, dotted the brush in the distance, and on top of the hill San Juan are the reservoirs of the city water-works, all in the hands of the insurgents, while around on the left the powder-house and block-house No. 6 held innumerable Filipinos.

Between the American and insurgent lines a neutral zone had been marked out long before where neither were to go. In this neutral zone, between block-house No. 6 and the Nebraska camp, was a village—I say "was" advisedly, for at the present moment it is a heap of ashes. On February 2 and 3, contrary to agreement, insurgents came over into the neutral zone and occupied this village. In vain we protested, expostulated, and threatened. Into the village they would come, and in the village they would stay. Colonel Statzenburgh went himself to argue with the officer in charge, but the latter was in no way impressed by the reasoning of the colonel, and called him all the names in the Spanish calendar, and some of those in the Filipino. Finally the insurgent officer, who was a little the worse for drink, drew a line on the ground and dared the colonel to walk over it. The colonel laughed and left the village. Later he came back, prepared to cross the line that the insurgent officer had drawn.

It happened this way: After three days of expostulation to superior insurgent officers, and of non-committal and diplomatic answers, the colonel, on February 5, sent a squad of men into the village to see that the insurgents did not occupy the village at night. This squad of men had orders to fire on any insurgents who insisted on coming into the village. To imagine the feelings of the Nebraska men who were sent on this errand on February 5 one must place one's self in the position that the American soldier has occupied in the last month. Constantly taunted by the insurgent, nagged by the unbearable arrogance and colossal self-conceit of the self-deceived native, he has kept his temper like a hero, only inwardly determined to wipe out the score when the suitable moment came. The Nebraska squad, therefore, when they got their orders to fire if necessary, winked at one another and rubbed their hands. They entered the village and patrolled it. Two advance-guards were in front. At the end of the village they met the insurgents coming in.

"Vamose!" shouted the advance-guards.

The insurgents only blustered, shouted, and came on. Each one of the Nebraska advance-guard picked out his man, aimed, fired, and two Filipinos dropped. The detachment of Filipinos proved to be a whole company, and the squad of Americans, meeting their fire, were obliged to retreat. There followed a lull. Then suddenly there burst from the insurgent lines on all sides a fire concentrated on the Nebraska camp. It rose and fell in scattered detachments, and finally joined in a continuous roar. At that moment the camp was not a pleasant place to stay in, and the regiment, when ordered out, was not slow to leave and to take up positions in a semicircle in front of the camp. A water-pipe two feet in diameter furnished protection to one company. Another company, stationed opposite the end of the bridge of San Juan del Monte, had got under the cover of some stone breastworks built by the Spaniards. The rest of the regiment lay in the open all night, most of the time under fire, with only the little furrows of the rice-fields to protect them. It is said that the most difficult thing to get troops to do is to lie in a field under fire; but the Nebraska regiment did not seem to mind it much. The first fusillade of the insurgents lasted about an hour, and our troops replied with a steady fire, which was probably not very effective, on account of the darkness.

At two minutes to nine I was playing piquet with the lieutenant.

"Bah!" he said, "with the government at Washington directing affairs we can do nothing. These insurgents, under our vacillating policy, have grown so overbearing that the only thing left to do is to give them a good licking. But we will not do it. It is a question of politics at home."

"There will be a fight within a week," said the captain.

"Impossible," said the lieutenant. "Washington will not allow us to fight."

"I'll bet you five dollars," said the captain.

"Done," said the lieutenant.

Hardly had the words escaped him, when the rattle of musketry broke the stillness of the night. We all jumped to our feet, looked at one another, and ran for the stable. It was difficult to tell exactly from what direction the firing came, so I rode over the town. Under the bright electric lights, the Fourteenth Infantry were moving to the front. In their dirty brown uniforms, they swung forward with a silent and grim energy, which told more than shouts would have done the vigor they were going to put into the fight. As I passed through the deserted streets of the city, where only the tramp, tramp of companies going to the front, and the sharp challenge of sentries at every corner, broke the silence, I realized how impossible it would be for the native to make a successful uprising in town. The listless, lazy, good-natured American soldiers who romped and played were gone, and in their places were watchful, determined men, who shouted their challenges in voices which gave no doubt as to their intention to shoot if necessary. The plan for patrolling the city was perfect with the limited number of men which could be spared from our ten miles of firing-line. Every corner, every cut leading down to the river where insurgents might land in small boats, every bridge, every dark street, was guarded, and the greatest credit is due to the provost marshal, General Hughes, for his admirable solution of a very difficult problem. If the natives had risen—and there is no doubt about their inclination so to do—the position of our forces, with the enemy inside and outside of our lines, would have been very critical. News spreads rapidly where every one is so anxious to find out the truth, and by inquiring I discovered that the firing began at the Nebraska camp at Santa Mesa. I started out on the road which leads past the camp to the water-works. Two miles from camp the Mauser bullets began to hiss and rattle on the tin roofs along the road; indeed, as I afterwards learned, Lieutenant Howett of the Colorado regiment, quietly sitting in his room at Colorado headquarters, three miles from the front, was shot in the leg by one of these stray bullets.

There is a long stretch of straight road before one gets to Santa Mesa. My carriage was just ahead of that of Colonel Colton, Collector of the Port. Suddenly, out of the night, with a shout, a Filipino jumped into the colonel's carriage and tried to knife him. The colonel is a man who has had much experience in the West with a revolver, and although the attack was entirely unexpected, he succeeded in drawing his revolver and shooting the native. There were several attempts of the same nature in various parts of Manila, but they all failed, through the presence of mind of the persons attacked. The Indians have a different race from the Spaniards to deal with, and with this change much of the reputed danger of the Malay knife has disappeared.

THE TAKING OF SAN JUAN HILL

When I arrived at the Nebraska camp the preliminary firing was over. In the distance, near the sea, to the north, one still heard the roll of volleys, but in General Hale's brigade all was dark and silent. It must not be supposed that on that account the men were inactive, for down in the valley, in a semicircle about the camp, each individual man of the Nebraska regiment was burrowing into the ground. Colonel Statzenburgh was hurrying about among his men to see that they were well placed. Gallopers came and went. It was, however, on the small hill back of Santa Mesa that the most active preparations were being made. In charge of the two 3.2-inch guns of Battery A of Utah was young Lieutenant Webb. Beloved by his men for his thoughtful kindness, he had gone the even tenor of his way without attracting attention, because no crisis had arisen to bring out his sterling worth. When the concentrated fire of the insurgents poured into the Nebraska camp, the two Utah guns were under tents. The quartermaster's department had not furnished any horses to drag these guns into position.

"Fall in, men, and drag those guns up the hill," said Lieutenant Webb.

Up the hill, half a mile from camp, the men pulled their guns. It would have been hard work under ordinary circumstances, but with a heavy fire pouring into the camp it was particularly trying. However, the work had only begun, for the battery had not been allowed to build their gun-pits beforehand, for fear of exciting the insurgents. The guns placed, the men went to work with picks and shovels making barricades and filling sand-bags.

"Hope the lieutenant will let us get an hour's sleep," said a big Utah boy shovelling dirt.

"I suppose we won't get any breakfast to-morrow, either," said another worker.

"You will get sleep when you finish the work I want done," said Lieutenant Webb, coming up; "and as for breakfast, you need not worry. I have sent a man into town to bring some out in the morning."

Pound, pound, pound went the picks into the dry, hard earth. Side by side a Salt Lake City school-teacher and a contractor worth half a million dug and shovelled and sweated. From nine to half past eleven they worked; then bushes were cut down and thrown over the new white bags, which were heaped into a semicircular gun-pit, so that in daylight the place might look like a clump of bushes. At last it was all done, and the men, dirty and tired, stretched themselves on their blankets. They were not allowed to sleep, however. At twelve, bang! ping! the ball opened again for half an hour. The Mauser rifles of the insurgents made hardly any flame in the night, and their presence was known only by the sharp cracks and the whistling of bullets overhead. On the other hand, the Springfield rifles made a deep round sound, and the fire flashed from the muzzles in long streaks. Even in the night our men were handicapped by their weapons, for the flame located their position exactly. This time the firing lasted about an hour. Neither side seemed quite sure whether the other was going to advance. In the darkness, every clump of trees looked like an advancing man, and you may be sure the pickets were not slow to fire and run in. It was two o'clock, and once more the tired battery lay down to get a little sleep. Just then a great shouting came across the San Juan River from the Filipinos, and one distinctly heard:

"Viva la Republica Filipina! Americanos mucho malo!"

They were shouting at us in Spanish, the only means of communication between the Tagalo and American races. The firing was still heard indistinctly on our left, towards Tondo. At three o'clock the moon came up and lighted the scene a little. At four it was still clearer, and the insurgents took the opportunity to renew their firing. This time it was more serious. They were bent on mischief, for you could distinctly hear the crack of their rifles advancing, and a few Remingtons among them located their approach. They were coming down San Juan Hill for the bridge. On our side of the bridge, in an old Spanish stone redoubt, one company of Nebraskans had been placed to hold the bridge. Would they, in the night, be able to shoot accurately enough to prevent the insurgents from crossing the stream? On they came. They no longer stopped to fire, but shouted wildly as they ran. Now they were on the bridge, but the old Springfields of the little group of Nebraska men belched forth flame and bullets. The bridge was too hot, and the insurgents drew back to cover again to re-form. This was not all. The Malays may not have discipline or organization, but they have pluck. They charged the bridge once more, with their wild shout. And still the little band of Americans held the bridge and drove back the charge. A third time the insurgents tried it, and a third time they were driven back. Lieutenant Webb prayed for light that he might do his share.

With the last charge the firing of the insurgents ceased. There was no more thought of sleep. Every American watched for the break of day, when good marksmanship would tell, for Nebraska had already lost seven wounded and one killed. At last dawn came. Breakfast had been brought, and the coffee heated back of the hill where the fire would not draw the fire of the enemy. The shooting soon began again, and as the insurgents fired high, we caught our share of the bullets from two sides. The Utah battery manned the guns. The insurgents were still in the village on the other side of San Juan Hill. A brigade of the Coloradans, under Colonel McCoy, moved up to re-enforce our right near the Pasig River.

"At that bridge with shrapnel! Cut the fuse at fifteen hundred yards!" shouted Lieutenant Webb.

The men worked like clock-work, under fire. A great big American fell, shot through the head. He dropped, and his comrades carried him off. His chum leaned over him.

"God! I can't stand it!" he groaned.

"Jim," said a friend, "pull yourself together; there is work to be done."

One gun was on the steep side of the hill, and the sand-bags could not be built up high enough to protect the men. The shrapnel had dislodged the insurgents from the bridge for the time being. Lieutenant Webb next shelled block-house No. 6, preparatory to a charge by the Coloradans. The shells did their work, and soon we saw the Colorado line coming out of the brush up, on, into the block-house, where they found little resistance.

"After the next shot," shouted Lieutenant Webb, "every one come out and wheel that gun over here under the porch."

All the men not working the gun lay under the protection of the thick walls of the house. The bullets pattered like rain on the tin roof, and whizzed threateningly past the corner where the men lay. To wheel the gun into that position seemed like courting death for every man.

"Now, then," cried the big sergeant, "run for it."

The men ran crouching around the angle of the wall and wheeled the gun into place. Another man fell, shot through the lungs. The gun worked smoothly now, and dropped shrapnel and shell on block-house No. 6 opposite. The gunner and first sergeant stood in the open all the time. No breastwork protected them. It is a miracle that they were not shot. The rest of the men ran out to wheel the gun into position after each shot, and then scurried back to shelter. The man who carried the ammunition-bag ran back and forth. His was a dangerous job.

"Jim," shouted the big sergeant, "give that bag to some one else. You've risked your life long enough; let some one else try it now."

The men behind the wall did not move rapidly enough to suit the sergeant.

"If any one thinks I have a soft thing, let him come out and take my place, and I'll carry that bag," roared the sergeant.

Five or six men jumped forward to take the bag.

"That's right, my babies," chuckled the giant sergeant.

This battery had heroes.

Beyond the San Juan bridge the insurgents still held a small village. A great puff of smoke and a roar from the right of San Juan Hill told us of a gun the insurgents had rolled into position. Lieutenant Webb trained one of his 3.2-inch guns on the spot. The shell started on its course across the plain to the hill opposite. One could hear it panting all the way. A sharp crack, a flight of earth and stones in the embrasure, told of its arrival. That was the last we heard from the insurgent gun. The enemy had to be dislodged near San Juan bridge, and we threw shell and shrapnel into the place. At last word came to Lieutenant Webb that the Nebraska regiment was about to charge over the bridge, and he then sent his shells higher up the hill. We saw a company of Nebraskans huddled behind a wall near the bridge, preparing for the dash. Suddenly they started. They went in twos and threes, crouching as near the ground as possible, and were met in the middle of the bridge by a storm of bullets. Across they got, however, and took shelter behind the great water-pipe which supplies Manila with water. After a number had collected here they tried the hill, but the fire was so severe they could only get a little way up. Just then two Nordenfelt guns, under Captain Gibbs, came rumbling over the bridge to their rescue, followed by a battalion of the Tennessee regiment, commanded by Colonel Smith. As this battalion reached the bridge Colonel Smith fell from his horse and died of apoplexy. There was no time for delay, and the battalion, in column of fours, trotted across the bridge and joined in the attack. Then Nebraskans, Tennesseeans, and the two Nordenfeldt guns went up the hill of San Juan del Monte hand over hand. It was a joy to see the insurgents move out as the Americans came on. At twelve o'clock the troops had reached the top of the hill where the reservoirs of the city are, and there they rested, and ate their well-deserved dinner and took their well-earned rest, after as pretty a fight as I have ever witnessed.

That afternoon the Tennessee regiment scoured the country from San Juan del Monte to the Pasig River, and you may be sure that these mountaineers did their work thoroughly. No insurgents or turkeys escaped them.

Exhibition of the Society of American Artists

"QUITE the best display for many years," will be the verdict upon this twenty-first annual exhibition of the Society of American Artists. The predominating picture is undoubtedly Dagnan-Bouveret's "The Disciples at Emmaus." From many points of view it will be studied and enjoyed—for its exalted significance, the minute devotion expended upon every part, the breadth of impulse, veritably inspiration, which regulates the whole; for its glorious coloring, deep and sober in parts, radiant with glow in others.

Among other pictures seen at Pittsburg and Philadelphia are Dwight W. Tryon's "Early Spring" in New England, and Albert Herter's "At Twilight." No one will question this latter picture's cleverness and abstract charm; but the subject, so perversely unpleasant and cheap in sentiment, is unworthy of its author. Much more agreeable is his "The Eve of St. Agnes," where the noble figure in red, the deep-toned stained glass, and the jewel-like enrichment of fruit make a splendid *ensemble*.

Douglas Volk, in his Shaw Prize picture, "The Woodland Maid," has played upon the theme which has before now attracted him—the stillness and poetry of the pine forests. It is not so much a distinguished painting as a beautiful picture, where sentiment and color-feeling are more persuasive than the method. The Webb Prize, however, "Clouds and Hills," by W. L. Lathrop, satisfies in both directions. It is superbly painted, and flooded with emotion. Three night scenes and one of an early autumn morning illustrate the sensitive observation of Ben Foster's work.

Among the marines, one stands out with unimpeachable distinction. It is "The Ground Swell," by Charles H. Woodbury, a view of the Maine coast taken from the sea. The depth, weight, movement, and color of the water are rendered with admirable fidelity. Another new picture, one of the most arresting in the galleries, is Abbott H. Thayer's "Young Woman," noble in its general character and treatment, and yet delicate—alluring and invigorating at once. Near it is "Clearing after Rain," by Louis Paul Dessar, with a curious interlace of tree stems and boughs against a sky that has been rinsed into clearness—very attractive, though the treatment of the foliage scarcely carries conviction. Its indiscriminateness seems to contradict the general brilliance of the picture. "Autumn Shadows" is a noble example of Robert C. Minor's work; and among other landscapes which will be enjoyed are George H. Bogert's "September Afternoon," Charles Hopkinson's "Afternoon Sky," Leonard Ochtman's "View from Woodwild." Two which merited better treatment seem to have been overlooked by the Hanging Committee—"Midsummer Moonlight," by Charles H. Ault, and "The Sun's Last Rays," by Jules R. Mersfelder, a picture of deep and velvety tones. There is a finely imagined and delicately executed subject of flowers, by Maria Oakey Dewing, and a brilliant "Roses and Lilies," by Mary F. Macmonnies, the beauty of which is impaired by the introduction of figures and a baby's carriage.

The portraits involve a wide variety and high degree of excellence. One of the most impressively artistic is Wilton Lockwood's "J. B. Tileston," while the same painter's "Mrs. F. E. Sweetser" is scarcely less dignified and is more picturesque. Two portraits by Adelaide Cole Chase are strong in character and enjoyable in color and treatment, but surely somewhat harsh and muddy in flesh tints. Cecelia Beaux is also represented by two, one of them shown at Pittsburg, the charming figure in the white dress against a purple background. There are two portraits of children, by Lydia Field Emmet, of which the more gracious is put away in a side gallery; and the same artist shows a lovely miniature of two little heads. "A Lady with Fan" exhibits Samuel Isham's method in its most attractive guise, and near it is a delightfully frank and engaging portrait of a lady by Charles Hopkinson, while John Lambert, Jr., shows a "Mr. Sergeant," the strongest and most agreeably complete and expressive work of his that we remember.

CHARLES H. CAFFIN.

The "Reina Mercedes"

THE series of attempts to raise the Spanish vessels which had been sunk near Santiago began on July 22 of last year, when President McKinley took into consideration Admiral Sampson's suggestion in regard to saving the *Cristóbal Colon*. So far as that fine ship was concerned, all efforts proved fruitless; but the *Maria Teresa* was raised, towed to Guantanamo Harbor on September 24, and wrecked on the voyage northward. Now it seems that of the seven vessels which steamed out from Santiago to meet certain destruction, the last is to be first. The *Reina Mercedes* was successfully floated on March 2, and taken away from the mouth of the harbor.

After preliminary arrangements had been perfected, pumping began at midnight on March 1, and at seven o'clock in the morning, March 2, the cruiser was floating. So rapidly was the work done that, as the WEEKLY's correspondent writes, he was the only photographer on hand; in fact, he was the only person in Santiago, except the wreckers, who knew that she was coming off. He received a telephone message from the captain in charge, took the photographs which are reproduced on page 319, and evidently enjoyed the first dash of the war-ship after her long rest. "Captain Chittenden of the wreckers, the captain of the port, the pilot, and I were on the bridge," he says. "It was a never-to-be-forgotten trip up to the inner bay; a grand ride, though she still had twelve feet of water in her when she broke away. Just think of a mass of twisted iron; a battered hull full of barnacles on one side; a couple of dozen boilers perched on what used to be a deck; and the pumps working like mad to keep the water from rising inside!"

Diary of the Revolt

Thursday, March 16.—General Otis cabled: "Insurgent control confined to Luzon, and the occupation of the Pasig River line, with control of Laguna de Bay, has cut the country occupied by the Tagalogs in two nearly equal parts." Information received from other sources, however, was less encouraging. In the first place, the hostiles driven out from the town of Pasig retreated but a short distance—to Cainta, north of Laguna de Bay, where they intrenched themselves—and another large force threatened an attack upon General Wheaton's position from the south. It was apparent, therefore, that the fight for the Pasig River line was not finished. And in the second place, reports from widely separated points in the Visayas showed that Aguinaldo's representatives and soldiers from Luzon were distributed among the islands of the archipelago, where they were engaged in circulating stories of Filipino successes at Manila, alleging extreme cruelty on the part of the Americans, and otherwise urging the natives to resist General Miller. Seeds of revolt seemed to be rather widely scattered.

In an engagement with Filipino riflemen near Ilo Ilo, our losses were one killed and fifteen wounded.

Four companies of the Twentieth regular infantry were sent from Pasig to drive the hostiles from Cainta. When approaching this town they were received with a heavy fire from the trenches. After a fight which lasted for three hours, and in which two of our men were killed and twelve wounded, the Filipinos set fire to the town and retreated to Taytay. Our men captured the latter village more easily, burned it, and returned to Pasig.

The hostiles, for their part, returned to Taytay soon after the regulars withdrew.

Friday, March 17.—General Lagarda visited Malolos for the purpose of convincing the Filipino chief that further resistance was useless. Aguinaldo heard his arguments and ordered his immediate execution. General Lagarda was decapitated.

North of Manila, at Caloocan, Filipinos advanced from their trenches and attacked General MacArthur's centre. They were driven back after wounding an officer and two privates of the Tenth Pennsylvania.

East of Manila, at Pasig, one hundred men of the Twenty-third were placed on barges, and towed by a gunboat across Laguna de Bay. This was the beginning of a movement to obtain control on the eastern and southern shores of the lake.

Saturday, March 18.—Admiral Dewey cabled: "The *Oregon* and the *Iris* arrived today. The *Oregon* is in fit condition for any duty."

General Lawton assumed command of the first division, comprising three brigades, of the American force in Manila and the surrounding country, the entire force being reorganized in view of the arrival of re-enforcements and the development of the plan of campaign. It was announced that General Anderson, who commanded the first division before this reorganization was effected, would return to the United States.

A detachment of the Washington volunteers, stationed at Taguig, was attacked by Filipinos, who advanced along the west shore of Laguna de Bay, coming up from the south, and testing the strength of the American lines at that point. Three companies of the Twenty-second Infantry reenforced the volunteers. The fighting began late in the afternoon, and lasted until dark. Two of the regulars were killed, and twenty wounded.

Sunday, March 19.—At daylight General Wheaton's brigade moved against this force of hostiles, driving it southward along the shore of the lake. According to General Otis's despatch, the brigade "experienced very slight loss; the enemy left two hundred dead on the field." Press despatches stated that at first the advance was stubbornly contested. When the Filipinos had been driven out of their positions, our troops pursued them for fifteen miles to the neighborhood of San Pedro Tunasan, burning every village along their route. A story to match the tales of American barbarity circulated by Aguinaldo's agents (mentioned under date of March 16) was cabled by one of the correspondents: "Private B. Young, of the Twenty-second Infantry, was wounded during the fighting yesterday evening, and fell into the hands of the Filipinos, who threatened to roast him alive. It is likely they would have carried their threat into execution had they not been too busy this morning.... When they were driven from their positions they were in such a hurry to leave that they forgot Young, who was subsequently found and cared for by his fellow-soldiers." The same correspondent spoke of a somewhat protracted resistance, but apparently, in the haste of composition, did not realize that these natives had at least time enough to shoot the prisoner if they had really been so keen after American blood. In the hottest of the firing, Washington volunteers gave a good account of themselves; for a company of this regiment, in order to reach and storm the trenches, crossed the river under fire in a canoe which would carry but fifteen on each trip.

Tuesday, March 21.—An additional battalion of the California regiment was sent to re-enforce the garrisons on Negros Island. More than sixty Spanish planters from Negros arrived at Ilo Ilo and requested arms from General Miller to defend themselves and their property against a tribe of "twenty thousand" natives living in the mountains near Bacolod, Negros Island; for, according to the statement of these refugees, the Montéses threatened to destroy farmsteads and crops. It seemed probable that the number of the hostiles in the interior was overstated, but quite evident that a considerable force was needed to police the island.

Wednesday, March 22.—The *Sherman* and the *Solace* reached Manila. The *Sherman* had on board the Third and a battalion of the Seventeenth Infantry; the *Solace* supplies and seamen for Dewey's fleet.

Aguinaldo has announced to his followers that he will personally conduct the Filipino reserves at Malolos, and march into Manila within twenty days.—*A Despatch from Manila.*

Our plans contemplate the complete subjugation of the insurrectionists before the opening of the rainy season, about the middle of April.—*A Despatch from Washington.*

Advices from Samar and Leyte proved that the natives of the eastern Visayas had been won over by Aguinaldo's agents, and were disposed to resist the occupation of those islands by our forces. It was stated that Catbalogan had been fortified, in anticipation of an attack, and that the leader of the hostiles had declared his intention to burn the place rather than allow it to be taken by the Americans.

Marrion Wilcox.

Advice to Mothers.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

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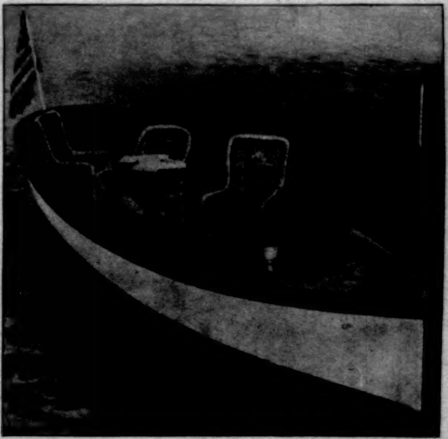

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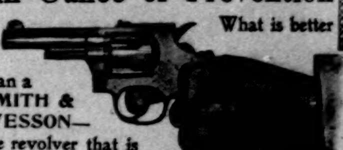

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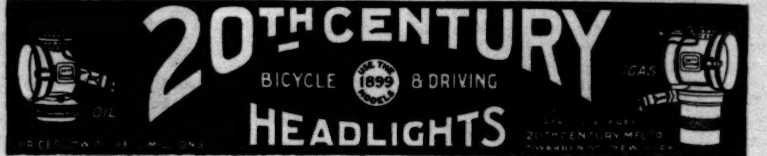

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THE SIAMESE IN SPORT. *By Caspar Whitney*

THE Siamese is not a sportsman inherently, and many generations of him must come and go ere he assume, if indeed he ever does, qualities so opposed to his present casual and wholly indolent nature.

When we behold a people discouraging and losing their ancient splendid arts of silk-weaving, of ceramics, and of silversmithing, and giving instead a ready market to the cheap trash which comes out of the West, bearing that trade-mark of mediocrity "Made in Germany," we may hardly expect forward movement in any direction, whether it be industrial or athletic. The Siamese cannot reconcile with his ideas of recreation the vigorous play of the Anglo-Saxon. He is not inclined to regard as play any exercise demanding energy and sustained effort. As for sport for sport's sake—for the mere enjoyment of healthful, forceful play—he really has no conception of such a thing.

RUA CHANG—THE SIAMESE ROW-BOAT.

In his disinclination for vigorous, voluntary bodily exercise the Siamese is somewhat like the Chinaman, though perhaps with better reason. His is a country where the deadly heat, except for two or three months, makes mere attention to the day's duties exhausting; and he has had but little contact with Englishmen, who are answerable for the sporting stimulus of the Far East.

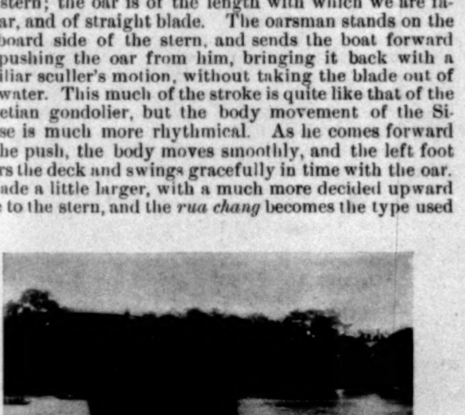
But the Siamese has ample opportunity for the exercise of his muscles in the boats, wherein he spends a very great many of his waking hours—and of his sleeping ones also, for the floating population that lives and sleeps and dies in boats is very large.

The highways of Siam are the several large rivers that run through the country from north to south, and the innumerable *klongs* (canals) which cross-section all its lower portion and connect the more important waterways. Save in the most northerly part of the country, there is practically no overland travel; while the occasional roads of southern Siam reach back towards the edge of the jungles, and are used but little, except by the tribes that bring their crude products to the settlements for barter and the very few that go into the jungle to hunt. The main arteries of travel are the watercourses, along which extend the villages, and where ample opportunity offers for the perfection of that skill with the paddle of which certainly every man, and apparently every woman and child, is possessed.

These Siamese are the most expert watermen of the East, and in their abandon on the river and perfect ease in handling their boats amidst difficulties, are equalled, in my judgment, only by the Esquimaux. The Malay, too, is a consummate waterman, but his craft is differently rigged. It is neither so cranky nor so shallow as that of the Siamese, and therefore the work of the latter appears to be the more difficult and the more suggestive of higher skill.

The Siamese boat is of many sizes and styles, but always beautifully, if simply, constructed of teak, and invariably of graceful lines. Perhaps the most common type seen on the larger rivers is the *rua chang*, which, as fortune speeds the owner, is either a peddler's boat, filled with cocoanut, betelnut, bananas, or other of Siam's many varieties of fruit, or, as at Bangkok, becomes a ferry-boat. The rowlock is a bit of twisted rotan fastened to the top of a post two and a half feet high, set on the port side of the stern; the oar is of the length with which we are familiar, and of straight blade. The oarsman stands on the starboard side of the stern, and sends the boat forward by pushing the oar from him, bringing it back with a familiar sculler's motion, without taking the blade out of the water. This much of the stroke is quite like that of the Venetian gondolier, but the body movement of the Siamese is much more rhythmical. As he comes forward on the push, the body moves smoothly, and the left foot clears the deck and swings gracefully in time with the oar.

Made a little larger, with a much more decided upward rake to the stern, and the *rua chang* becomes the type used ordinarily for sailing, or is fitted for and may be propelled by three oars, exclusive of a helmsman, who does some rowing also. The sail-boat type is that of the river small trader, and as such has a deck-house of matting, making most excellent shelter for the family, which is an almost invariable accompaniment.



SAIL-BOAT, ALSO PROPELLED BY OARS (THREE) ON OCCASION.

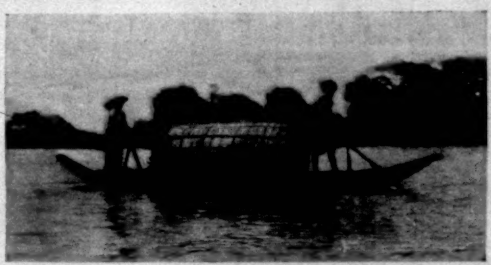
The river type next most common is the house boat, found from end to end of Siam, and the one commonly used by the traveller. 'Twas in such a craft I made the first stage of my journey from Bangkok towards the jungle. You can make yourself very comfortable under that barrel-shaped covering, made of a certain kind of stout palm leaf, called *atap*, which is protection against both sun and rain; but after a few days you would gladly welcome an opportunity to stretch your legs, if, as is most unusual in the *klongs*, you could find a bit of soil clear of dense undergrowth or solid enough to walk upon.

The house-boat is made in several sizes, the largest requiring eight oarsmen—four at bow and four in the stern. Such a size affords a small bit of deck-room at either end of the house—large enough, however—in which to swing your hands with murderous intent on the mosquitoes, that are so big and so numerous, so persistent and so vicious, that straightway you forswear having ever before even heard of mosquitoes, though you may have spent many summers in the fastnesses of New Jersey or on the Long Island Sound, or even journeyed in the Great Slave Lake district in the spring-time.

In the *klongs* there is another type of small boat, rarely seen on the large rivers, which in general shape is like the *rua chang*, though greatly wider proportionately amidships, without so much upward turn to the extreme bow and stern, and with no additional rim on the gunwale.

This canoe is not over twelve to fourteen inches deep amidships, and twelve feet would represent its average length. It is the *klong* passenger and general bumboat, used for the short trip to a near-by trader, or on the longer journeys for cargoes of fruit. Even with only its crew aboard, it has but a couple inches of freeboard, yet I have seen these canoes heaped from end to end with cocoanut or pineapple or pumelo (the best fruit in Siam), and the water lapping over the deck at every stroke of the two paddles.

In thousands of instances these boats are the only habitation of families, who trade and live on them, and apparently have room to spare on the well-covered deck for visitors.



HOUSE-BOAT.

The *klong* is a very busy thoroughfare, used also by the large and heavily laden rice and general produce and fruit boats, and often these give quite a movement to the water. At such times you and I would find ourselves well occupied in keeping our equilibrium in the little bumboat; but repeatedly have I seen them go bobbing and dipping over wavelets without disturbing the domestic economy on board, although it included a full pot boiling over a small and not very steady one-foot-high charcoal-burning earthen stove. You will see such a boat guided with masterful skill unconcernedly amidst craft of all sizes, while kettles and knives and fruit, and even babies, adhere to the deck as though nailed there. I have spent hours in going through the *klongs*, studying these boats and the people they carry, fascinated by the extraordinary ease and absolute nonchalance with which the navigators of this buoyant little craft employ their skill.

Their watermanship is simply astonishing, as an illustration in my experience will convince. I was on a small steam-launch, belated until dark in the *klong* by a surly crew and failure of fuel. In leaving a settlement where I had secured a supply of firewood we ran upon a sunken mud bank in the middle of the *klong*, and there we stuck, despite full steam astern. After a bit the old man from whom we had bought our wood, and two women, came out into the canal in one of the kind of boats I have been describing. They paddled alongside of us, and then, all three standing in their boat, one in the bow, one amidship, and one in the stern, with their hands on the side of our launch, they pushed and pushed, and little by little they gradually pushed us off the bank. And all the time they kept their own boat under them with no apparent effort!

This small canoe type of boat is also the one met with almost exclusively in the *klongs* of Bangkok.

Women are quite a factor in the trading and boating carried on in the *klongs*. A considerable percentage of the canoes you pass show them at the paddles, and it is quite common everywhere to see the crew of a large canoe composed of both sexes. I have seen an old, old hag handling the stern paddle, with a little girl that could not have been over seven years of age perched in the bow, and swinging a small paddle with no insignificant dexterity.

In northern Siam, in the country of the Laos people, is another and a different type of boat. In general lines it is like the house-boat of more southern Siam, except that the extreme bow is carried with a very graceful though abrupt curve from four to six feet above the deck, according to the size of the boat, and ends in a decorated head or other symbol in keeping with the faith or tradition of the people. The Laos boat, in fact, is not dissimilar in lines to a boat used by the Burmans (pictured herewith), except that it is the stern which the Burmans elevate in graceful curve, while the Laos lift and curve the bow. Moreover, in the latter the stern proper executes more of the curve than in the Burman boat, which carries the keel throughout half the curve. The Laos boat is quite the more handsome of the two in fittings and lines, though of course much more of its deck space is wasted. It is a most picturesque craft built of teak, as are all boats in Siam.

When in Siam the Westerner views all kinds of boats, docks, and house floors made from this (to us) rare and valuable wood, he is apt to credit the tales of Oriental luxury of which he has heard and read from boyhood. Let him feast upon the prodigality, for he will see naught else to perpetuate youthful impressions.

CO-OPERATIVE PADDLING—FIGURES WITH LARGE HATS IN BOW ARE WOMEN.

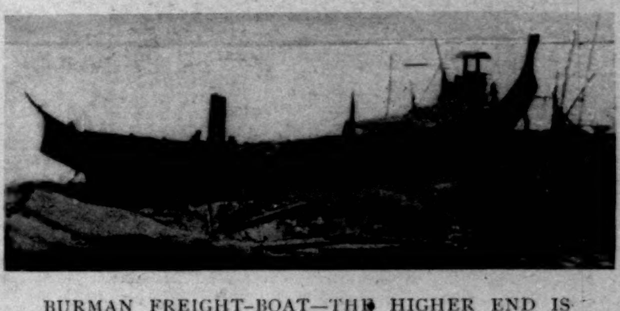
Bangkok is variously called by those people who revel in comparisons the "Venice of the East" and the "Constantinople of Asia"; in the first instance because of the many canals that run through the city, and in the second because of the hundreds of wretched and ownerless pariah dogs that roam its streets with impunity. There is much truth in both comparisons. Certainly Bangkok is the home of the gaunt and ugly pariah dog, which spends its life foraging and getting just enough to keep life in its mangy carcass; multiplying meantime with the fecundity of cats and a tropical clime, because the Buddhist's doctrine forbids its killing. Outcast dogs are not the only pests whose multiplication in Bangkok may be charged to Buddhism; more noisy crows perch of an early morning on your window-casing and the tree immediately beyond it than in the space of a day hover near the Towers of Silence at Bombay awaiting the pleasure of the vultures that feed on the last earthly remains of those who have died in the faith of the Parsee.

In by far the larger half of Bangkok the easiest means of travel is by boat, and half the city is reached in no other way. The Siamese woman of the lower class daily paddles her own canoe to the market and bazar, or, if she be of a better class, employs a *rua chang*—if indeed one is not included, with ricksha for road travel, among the possessions of him to whom, with as many others as his nature prompts and his purse affords, she looks for support and protection.

For full five miles on both sides of the Menam River Bangkok stretches its floating shops, and for at least half that distance an extra row rests behind on the steadier site of the bank. Here are the greatest number of the shops, and along the banks reside probably one-third of the city's four hundred thousand inhabitants. Over half of the remainder live along the several *klongs*, which wind in and around the city with certainly all the deviousness and apparently the equal aimlessness of a cow path. They are not nearly so broad as the country *klongs*, though wider than the chief business street of the native town, Sempang; this is not saying much of their breadth, however, since Sempang is not more than ten feet wide, and in places not so much as that.

Through all these *klongs* flows a constant procession of boats, and among them the little flat, smoothly gliding canoe is the most prominent. Here, too, we find yet another type, best described as a single canoe, which is not so shallow as the other, much narrower—about eighteen inches wide amidships, in fact—but quite as long. It is somewhat like a wherry in shape, with more delicate lines, and is usually propelled by one man, sitting amidships, though I have seen two paddles at work. As a racing-canoe it would be hard to beat, but it never sees life so exhilarating.

The freight-boats of Siam are modelled on as graceful and buoyant lines, and constructed as carefully, as the smaller ones. They vary in size, but are almost identical in form, although the different kinds of houses put on their decks give the superficial observer an impression of



BURMAN FREIGHT-BOAT—THE HIGHER END IS THE STERN.

NATIVE "DUGOUT," OR SINGLE CANOE.

changed under-bodies also. The *padi* or rice boat does, indeed, differ somewhat—its bow being flatter, the stern shorter, and the upward curve slight. The difference is readily perceived by a study of the photographs of the freight and *padi* boats. They are all propelled like the *rua chang*, only the motions of the men are more labored and the graceful swing of the foot absent. The usual crew for these heavily laden boats is three—two at the long sweeps in the bow and a helmsman, who is raised by the upward curve of the stern so he may see over the house where the cargo of rice or fruits is stowed.

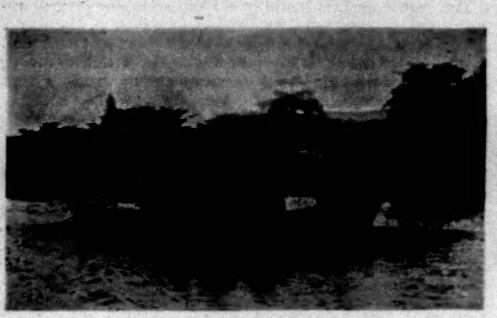
Despite these many boats and all the skill of the Siamese, they have no racing, or any of the sport on the water for which they are so well equipped.

The Siamese, as I have said, is no sportsman, but he enjoys any excitement that does not demand personal fatiguing activity. Next to the Burman and the Malay, he is unquestionably the most excitable creature in the Far East. He is, however, slower to flame and quicker to cool than the Malay. He is the most persistent and devoted gambler on earth, gambling and betelnut-chewing being, in fact, his dearest pleasures. He likes a dog-fight, though he seldom sees one among the curs of Bangkok; he has been known to abet cock-fighting; but cock-fighting presupposes game-birds, which again means much time and care and some money, and the Siamese finds gambling a less troublous and equally facile manner of dissipating his worldly possessions. Among the children I saw several strange and yet very simple games—all with shells, and of the gambling order.

The Siamese youth have only one game worth considering, and that one is indigenous—or native to Burmah—the question of parentage being a much-mooted one. At all events, the game requires a certain amount of activity, and is very interesting to the on-looker. It is a kind of football—in fact, I have heard it called Burmese football—played with a ball about four inches in diameter, made of braided *rotan*, entirely hollow, very strong and resilient. The number of contestants is not arbitrarily fixed, but play is sharpest when there are enough to form a circle about ten feet in diameter. The larger the circle after it has passed the desirable diameter the slower the play. The game is to keep the ball tossing into the air without breaking the circle. As a man fails at his opportunity he drops out, and when there remain but four or six, the work is sharp and very pretty. The ball is struck most generally with the knee, but also with the foot, from in front, behind, and at the side. Some become remarkably clever. I have seen a player permit the ball to drop directly behind his back, and yet, without turning, return it clear over his head, and straight into the middle of the circle, by a well-placed backward kick of his heel.

THE SIAMESE FOOTBALL.

If there is any time when the Siamese may be said to hold sports, it is at a notable cremation. Ordinarily the dead of Siam are burned at a *ghat* common to all who cannot afford the considerable expense of a private conflagration; and when the wood of the funeral pyre has been consumed, the body is well roasted, and the attendant vultures are given a chance to clean the bones. Those who can afford it build the funeral pyre within their private walls, where festivities are held during the burning, and invitations issued to friends, that they may come and behold the honor paid their dead. The bodies of those intended for private cremation are embalmed, and usually kept for some time—often many months. One Siamese gentleman, when inviting me to the proposed cremation of his brother, informed me that the distinguished deceased had been awaiting combustion for a year. The extent and character of the festivities on such an occasion depend entirely on the length of purse of the deceased's remaining relatives. But as the Hibernian clans of Tammany Hall gauge the social importance and erstwhile political "pull" of a departed brother by the number of carriages his friends muster at the funeral, so also in Siam the scope and variety of the funeral festivities mark the wealth and status and the grief of the bereaved family.



SIAMESE FREIGHT-BOAT.

On the afternoon or evening of the appointed day the guests assemble and witness the simple ceremony of the yellow-robed priests of Buddha. Subsequently the nearest male relative fires the pyre, and then, while the flames crackle and the late lamented hisses and pops like a green pippin on a spit, his grieving family and friends grow merry over the cakes and sweetmeats and wines, while men hired for the occasion perform at several games, and even, on rare occasions, do some little running and jumping. The game nearest approaching one of skill is a sort of fence play with short sticks fastened to both arms. Once in a while one also sees at these human barbecues a kind of boxing, the art of which seems to rest entirely in parrying with the arm and open hand the thrusts that obviously never have any serious intention of landing. But there is very little to be seen of either of these games, and skill with the long sword has departed from Siam together with her industrial arts.

There is yet one game, or, more truly speaking, one festival, that is national and time-honored in Siam. In olden times a few days were annually set apart in the early spring for feasting and amusement, and the King Carnival of the occasion was elected by the people and recognized by the royal King. He was given much license, and enjoyed many unusual privileges, but he had also successfully to undergo some ordeals throughout his short reign, or abdicate. And among these perhaps none demanded more of him than the custom which compelled his standing on one leg during a swinging competition for a purse of gold. The swing is a high one, the uprights being, I should say, without having their actual measurement, fifty feet, and the purse is fastened on a level with the top of the swing, and distant from the uprights the length of the swing rope. The game seems easy to those of us who as boys thought nothing of "working up" until we pushed our feet higher into the air than the tree limb to which the swing ropes were fastened, but perhaps securing the purse with the teeth is, under such conditions, more difficult than appears.

VIEW OF A KLONG (CANAL).

I have already in one of my papers referred to the elephant-hunt which every other year or so is organized to comply with tradition and to provide the King and his court with amusement and working-elephants. The only hunting in connection with the affair is done unseen and unrewarded by a considerable band of the King's servants, who, mounted on tame elephants, beat the jungles and search the country for months prior to the appointed time for wild ones. Three-quarters of the herd they succeed in rounding up have before taken a part in the performance. The corral into which this herd is driven is a good-sized one, and outlined by large tree trunks sunk into the ground just far enough apart to permit of a man passing out in case of his being charged. Necessarily the corral is very stoutly made. The hunting, so called, consists of "cutting out" and roping certain of the best of the captives. Really the only interesting feature of the show is the intelligent assistance rendered by the tame elephants.

Speaking of elephants, by-the-way, I am only repeating what is well known by this time, I am sure, when I say that the famous white elephants are not white at all. Their skin is not much lighter than that of the ordinary elephant in its wild state; and let it be remembered that the skin of the wild elephant is much lighter than that of those in captivity, which are periodically oiled. The noticeable difference between the white and ordinary elephant is in the color of the former's eyes, which are a light blue instead of the usual dark brown. There are whitish spots at the base of his ears, but the skin is a grayish or lavenderish color, or the color of black mud that has become dried and baked in the sun. They are smaller than the common Asiatic elephant, and the five I saw in the King's stables at Bangkok were ugly-looking brutes and vicious. They are held sacred and never worked.

PADI-BOAT UNDER SAIL AND SWEEP.

There are too few English-speaking people in Bangkok for Anglo-Saxon sport to thrive as it does on the Malay Peninsula and in India, where, of white races, the Englishman is dominant. There is a large and most comfortable social club, and among its members are some who play cricket and tennis. There is even a lawn-tennis club, with good turf courts in use every afternoon in winter, and a cricket club, now about defunct. The climate permits of vigorous play for too short a time. There is a yacht club, with a house and a few small sail-boats down near the mouth of the Menam River, at Packnam, and some good sport is had at the occasional racings. The bicycle has but recently been introduced; needless to say the native looks in wonder at the two or three that toil over the dusty, dirty streets. There is limited opportunity for bicycle-riding in either Bangkok or its environments.

Neither Europeans nor natives hunt in Siam: big game is too far away, the jungles are too dense and unhealthful, and there are no skilful or dependable ***shikaris*** (trackers—hunters) native to, and therefore familiar with, the districts in which game abounds. There is a gun club, however, which takes its sport in the excellent snipe-shooting to be had on every hand. The big game of Siam includes elephant, tiger, two varieties of wild cattle, buffalo, and three varieties of deer. The King forbids elephant-shooting. Rhinoceroses are very scarce, and only to be had in lower Siam; tiger and deer are pretty generally distributed, and fairly plentiful; buffalo are confined to one section west of Bangkok, near the Burmah line; wild cattle are fairly plentiful. A visiting sportsman could count on getting a head of barking-deer, of sambur, and, with good luck, of wild cattle; he would also have a chance at buffalo; tiger would be a mere question of time and opportunity; but he should take six months on the ground in preparation and hunting. It is the most trying and exasperating hunting country I have yet visited.

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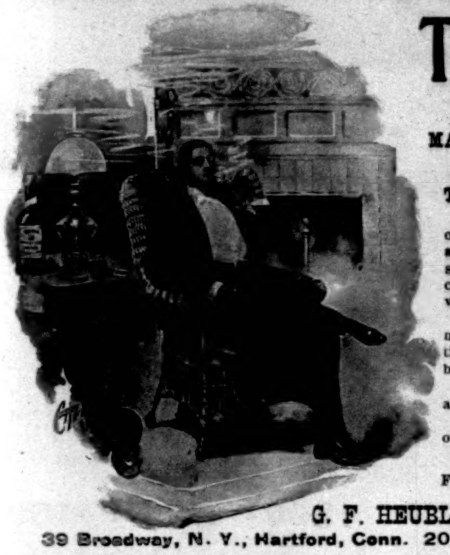

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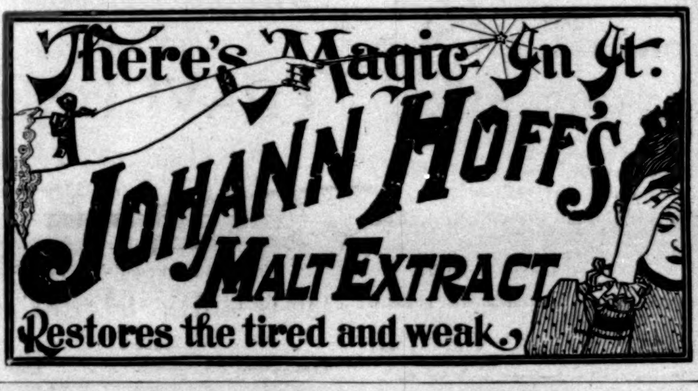

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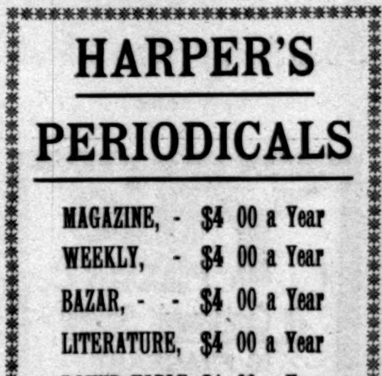

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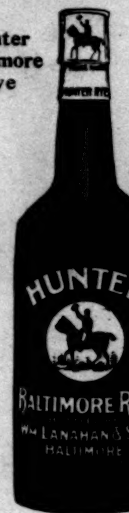


Hunter Baltimore Rye

A Pure Stimulant

Sold at all First-class Cafés and by Jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

Blakemore Whiskey

7 YEARS OLD

NOTHING BETTER MADE OR SOLD.

Matured in wood and bottled in bond under Governmental Supervision.

Freiberg & Workum,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

Financial

Letters of Credit. Bills of Exchange bought and sold. Cable Transfers to Europe and South Africa. Commercial and Travellers Letters of Credit. Collections made.

Brown Brothers & Co.,
BANKERS, No. 59 WALL STREET.

CLOSE YOUR EYES

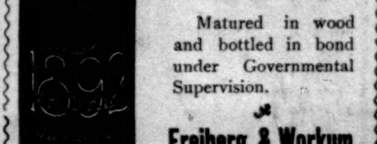
and you will not see gold if you walk over it. The man, with his eyes open, will. If you do not read **The Wall Street Journal**, your eyes are closed to opportunity. And then you blame your "luck." "Ill-luck" means misinformation. Readers of

The Wall Street Journal

are never misinformed.

For sale at all news-stands. Sample Copy free.

THE WALL STREET JOURNAL
42-44 BROAD ST., NEW YORK.



No Fire, Smoke, Heat. Absolutely Safe. Send 5 stamps for Catalog.
TRUSCOTT BOAT MFG. CO., ST. JOSEPH, MICH.

THIS AUTOGRAPH IS NEVER ON A POOR SHADE-ROLLER AND NEVER ABSENT FROM A GOOD ONE.

Stewart Hartshorn

GET THE GENUINE HARTSHORN

DID YOU EVER COLLECT STAMPS?—There is much pleasure and money in it. For only 5 cents we will start you with an Album and 50 different stamps from Cuba, Phil. Isl., Porto Rico, etc., and our 80-page list, etc. We Buy Old Stamps. Standard Stamp Co., St. Louis, Mo

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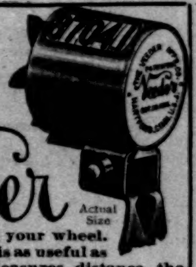
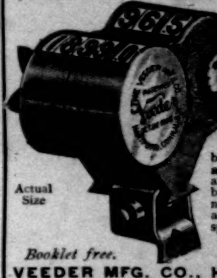
DO THIS PUT A



Veeder CYCLOMETER on your wheel. It is as useful as your watch. One measures distance, the other time—both are essential factors of every business or pleasure trip. To every cyclist the Veeder Cyclometer is a necessity.

Actual Size



Actual Size

Its merit has eliminated competition—90% of modern cyclometers are Veeder Cyclometers

Price, $1. 10,000 miles and repeat. Dust-proof, water-proof, positive action. On the "Trip" Cyclometer, price $2, the small indicator can be set back to zero separately like a stem-setting watch, after each trip. Parts cannot become disarranged. Cannot register falsely unless actually broken. No springs. No delicate parts.

Made for 24, 26, 28, and 30-inch Wheels.

Booklet free.

VEEDER MFG. CO., HARTFORD, CONN.

It's in the running of it, not in the paint that the RAMBLER LEADS!

Because a bicycle "looks nice" is no sign it is of RAMBLER grade. To frictionless bearings and accuracy of sprockets and chain are due the easy running qualities of

Rambler Bicycles—$40

Agencies everywhere.

GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. Co.
Chicago. Boston. Washington. New York. Brooklyn. Detroit. Cincinnati. Buffalo. Cleveland. London, Eng.

For well made, highly finished Bicycles the '99 **Imperials** are unsurpassed.

Graceful and fleet, they satisfy the most critical. Our prices will interest you. Write us.

Ames & Frost Company, Chicago.

Without Friction

Wonderful sliding adjustment of the bearings makes friction unknown in

Waverley Bicycles $40

Strength and beauty without an equal.

Worth your while to send for Catalogue.

Indiana Bicycle Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

7000 BICYCLES Overstock; must be [illegible]. '98 Models $9 [illegible]. Shopworn and [illegible] wheels, as good as new $3 to $10. New '99 Models, $11 to $30. Great Factory clearing sale. We ship to anyone on approval, without a cent in advance.

EARN A BICYCLE by helping us advertise our superb line of '99 models. We give one Rider Agent in each town FREE USE of sample wheel to introduce them. Write at once for our special offer

MEAD CYCLE COMPANY, 187 Ave. G, Chicago, Ills.

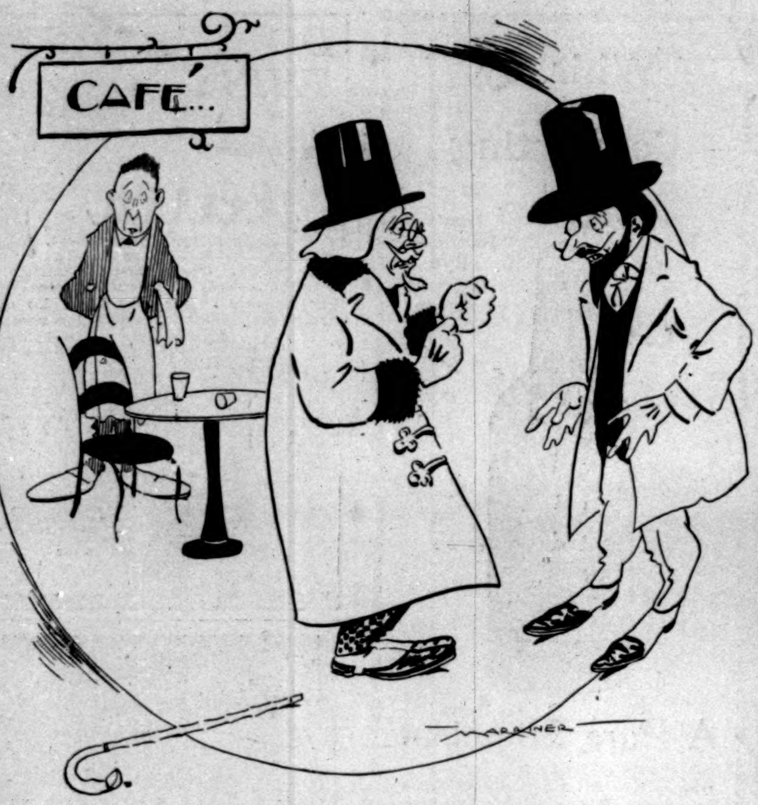
$5 to $30 3000 BICYCLES

Everyone a Bargain.
NEW AND SECOND HAND.

2d Hand—good as any for service. $5 to $12. New '99 Models $12.50 to $30. None higher. We guarantee to save you money. Largest variety to select from. Lowest prices ever quoted. Every customer satisfied. Shipped subject to examination and approval. No money in advance. A few good AGENTS WANTED. For price list and particulars address the old reliable cycle house,

BROWN-LEWIS CO., (D1.) 293 Wabash Av., Chicago.

$13.25 BUYS A $25.00 BICYCLE Don't buy a bicycle before you write for our 1899 Catalogue. 2nd hand wheels from $5.00 up. NO MONEY REQUIRED in Advance. Address VICTOR MAN'F'G CO. Dept. G 69, 295 and 297 Fifth Ave., Chicago, Ill.



A SAFE WEAPON.

M. NOIR. "You have insult me, sare. I demand ze sateesfaction."
M. BLANC. "I have ze choice of ze weapon, n'est ce pas?"
M. NOIR. "Oui, monsieur."
M. BLANC. "Zen I choose ze telephone of ze long distance."

"A PERFECT FOOD—as Wholesome as it is Delicious."

Walter Baker & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa

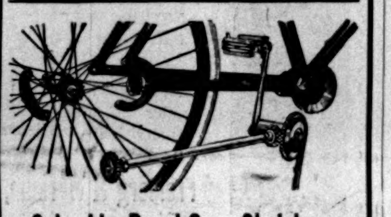
The Standard for Purity and Excellence....

Trade-Mark.

Costs less than one cent a cup.

Our Trade-Mark on Every Package.

Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.
DORCHESTER, MASS.
ESTABLISHED 1780.


1899 CONSTRUCTION

Columbia Bevel-Gear Chainless.

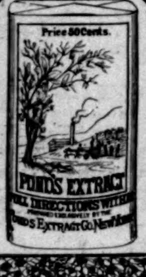
The forward mechanism is now placed in an independent bushing or sleeve, which is inserted in the bracket and clamped in position. The gear adjustments both front and rear have been made entirely independent of each other, thus greatly simplifying the operation of bringing the gears to mesh.

OUR NEW MODELS FOR 1899.

Chainless, - -	$75
Columbia Chain, -	50
Hartfords, - -	35
Vedettes, -	$25, 26

Catalogue free of any Columbia dealer, or by mail for one 2-cent stamp.

POPE MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.



For Sprains, Bruises, Sore Throats, Colds, Inflammation, Hemorrhages, USE **Pond's Extract** It is the quickest and surest cure for all pain. Avoid substitutes.

SCIENTIFIC KITES.
NAVAL BLUE HILL BOX KITE.

A scientific marvel. Flies like a bird. Every boy wants it. With 300 feet flax kite line sent, paid, to any address, on receipt of 50 cents. Send stamp for 16-page Kite Catalogue. AGENTS WANTED.

E. I. HORSMAN, Manufacturer
380–382 Broadway, N. Y.

Joseph Gillott's STEEL PENS.
GOLD MEDAL, PARIS EXPOSITION, 1889, AND THE CHICAGO EXPOSITION AWARD.
THE MOST PERFECT OF PENS.

ESTERBROOK'S RELIEF

ESTERBROOK'S Relief Pen, No. 314.

EASE IN WRITING UNSURPASSED.

20 other varieties of stub pens.. 150 styles fine, medium and blunt points..

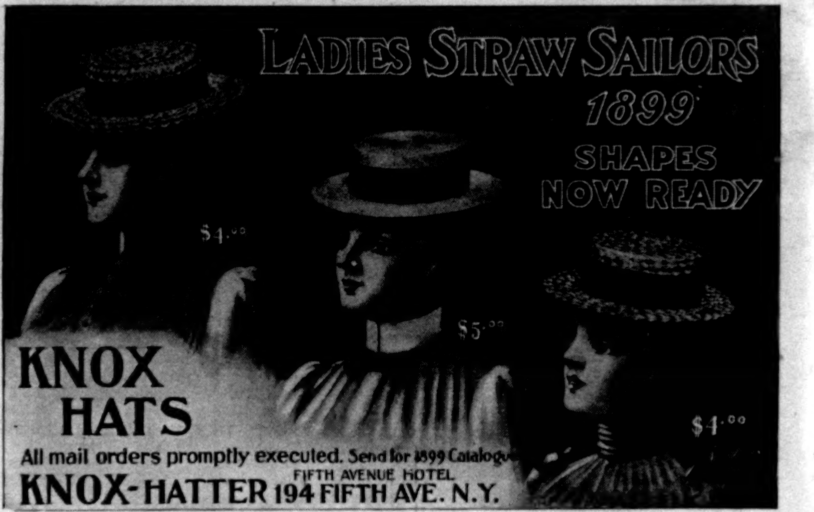
The Esterbrook Steel Pen Co.,
Works, Camden, N.J. 26 John St., N. Y.

It's Not a Medicine

But a Delicious Drink—relished and easily retained.

Vigoral **Concentrated Beef.**

Stimulates, strengthens. At fountains and Cafes.
Armour & Company, Chicago.


LADIES STRAW SAILORS
1899
SHAPES NOW READY
$4.00
$5.00
$4.00
KNOX HATS
All mail orders promptly executed. Send for 1899 Catalogue
FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL
KNOX-HATTER 194 FIFTH AVE. N.Y.

Arnold Constable & Co.

Lyons Silks.

Chené and Persian Taffetas,
Moire Nouvelle, Brocades and Stripes,
Bordered Taffetas.
Rich Satins, Peau de Soie and Taffetas Mousseline
for Wedding Gowns.
New Silk fabrics for Bridesmaids' Dresses.

Grenadine, Crèpe.

Printed India Pongees, Soft Satins.
Novelties by every Steamer.

Broadway & 19th st.
NEW YORK.

Yale Mixture
A Gentleman's Smoke

IS FRAGRANT

and there is luxury and economy in every pipeful. You can't get many good cigars now for $2.00, but $2.00 will buy a pound of Yale Mixture—400 pipefuls—and you will have all the pipe-smoker's satisfaction and comfort without your every-day cigar extravagance.

A liberal sample—enough for a proper trial of Yale Mixture—will be mailed prepaid anywhere for 25 cts. Send postage stamps.

Marburg Bros., The American Tobacco Co., Successor, Baltimore, Md.

Nathan B. Goodnow & Co.,
BANKERS.
ESTABLISHED 1873.
2 Post Office Sq., Boston, Mass.
52 Broadway, New York City.

Transact a General Banking Business, including the Purchase and Sale of Stocks, Bonds, and Grain, for Investment or on Margin.

Dealers in Government and Railroad Bonds.

Books containing Four-Year Range of Prices, Dividends, and Earnings sent free on request.

A Permanently Invested Fund of over TWO HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FOUR THOUSAND DOLLARS is held as a Guaranteed Security for all persons having business with us.

Correspondence solicited.

1899- 35th -1899
Annual Statement
OF THE
TRAVELERS
INSURANCE COMPANY.

Chartered 1863. (Stock.) Life and Accident Insurance.

JAMES G. BATTERSON, Pres't.

Hartford, Conn., January 1, 1899.

PAID-UP CAPITAL, $1,000,000.

ASSETS.

Real Estate, - - - -	$2,009,684.43
Cash on hand and in Bank, - -	1,510,090.17
Loans on bond and mortgage, real estate,	5,785,923.99
Interest accrued but not due, -	261,279.62
Loans on collateral security, -	1,182,327.64
Loans on this Company's Policies,	1,175,489.24
Deferred Life Premiums - -	324,697.95
Prems. due and unreported on Life Policies,	251,120.97
United States Bonds, - -	14,000.00
State, county, and municipal bonds,	3,614,032.58
Railroad stocks and bonds, -	6,658,373.37
Bank stocks, - - - -	1,066,122.50
Other stocks and bonds, - -	1,462,300.00
Total Assets, - -	$25,315,442.46

LIABILITIES.

Reserve, 4 per cent., Life Department,	$18,007,596.00
Reserve for Re-insurance, Accident Dep't,	1,399,372.80
Present value Instalment Life Policies,	507,044.00
Reserve for Claims resisted for Employers,	430,101.55
Losses in process of adjustment, -	220,243.33
Life Premiums paid in advance, -	35,267.68
Special Reserve for unpaid taxes, rents, etc.,	110,000.00
Special Reserve, Liability Department,	100,000.00
Reserve for anticipated change in rate of interest, - - - -	400,000.00
Total Liabilities, - -	$21,209,625.36
Excess Security to Policy-holders,	$4,105,817.10
Surplus to Stockholders, - -	$3,105,817.10

STATISTICS TO DATE.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

Life Insurance in force, - -	$97,352,821.00
New Life Insurance written in 1898,	16,087,551.00

Insurance on instalment plan at commuted value.

Returned to Policy-holders in 1898,	$ 1,382,008.95
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	14,532,359.52

ACCIDENT DEPARTMENT.

Number Accident Claims paid in 1898,	16,260
Whole number Accident Claims paid,	324,250
Returned to Policy-holders in 1898,	$ 1,254,500.81
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	22,464,596.75

Totals.

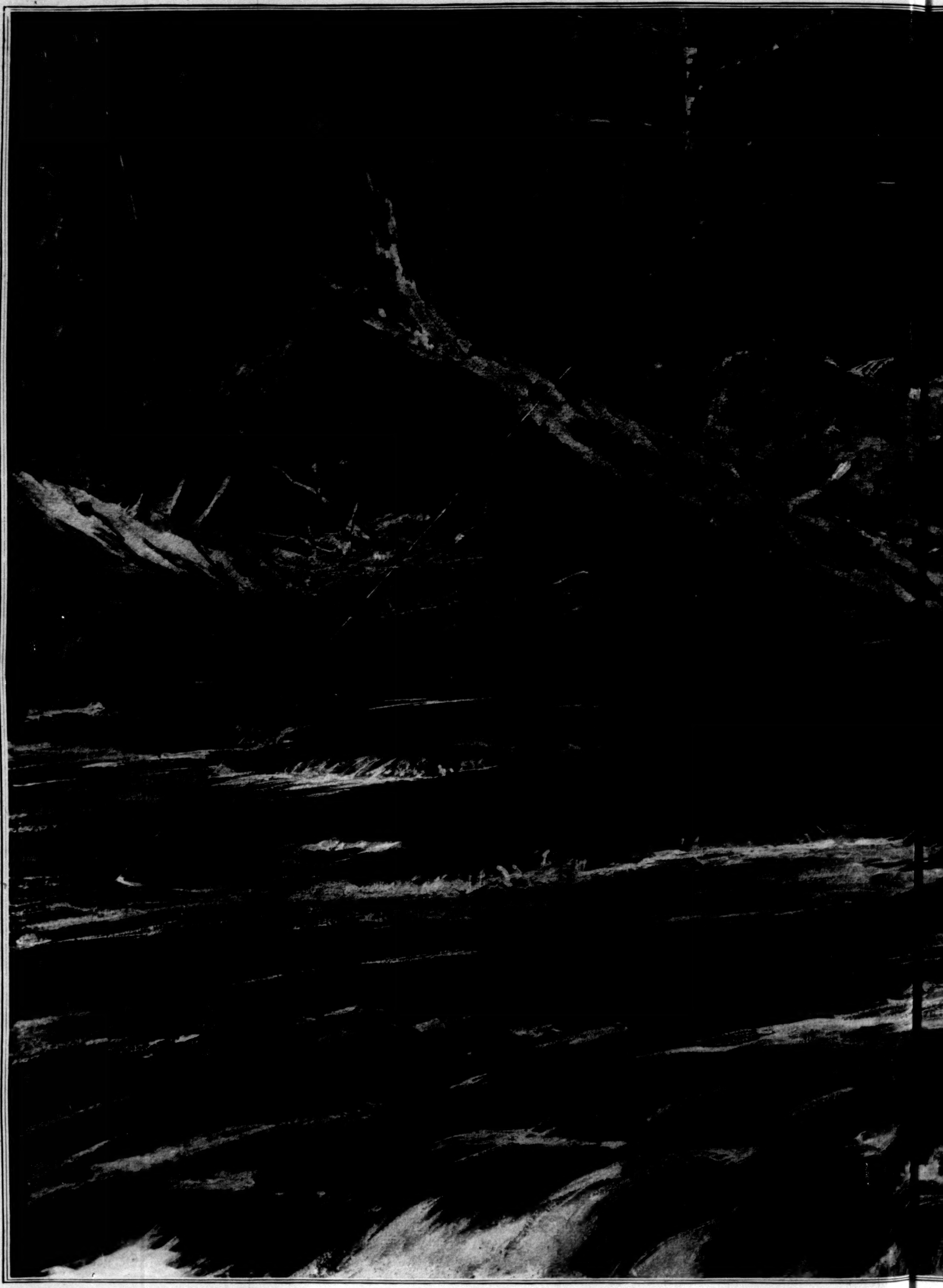
Returned to Policy-holders in 1898.	$ 2,636,509.76
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	36,996,956.27

SYLVESTER C. DUNHAM, Vice-Pres't.
JOHN E. MORRIS, Secretary.
H. J. MESSENGER, Actuary.
EDWARD V. PRESTON, Sup't of Agencies.
J. B. LEWIS, M.D., Surgeon and Adjuster.

Clark's Oriental Cruise, Feb. 3, 1900,
by elegant new twin-screw steamer; $450, including shore excursions, 17 days in Egypt and Holy Land, etc. Excursions to Europe 1899, leave April 1, 22; May 6, 20, 27; June 10, 24; July 1, 5. Special features. Membership limited.
F. C. CLARK, 111 Broadway, New York.

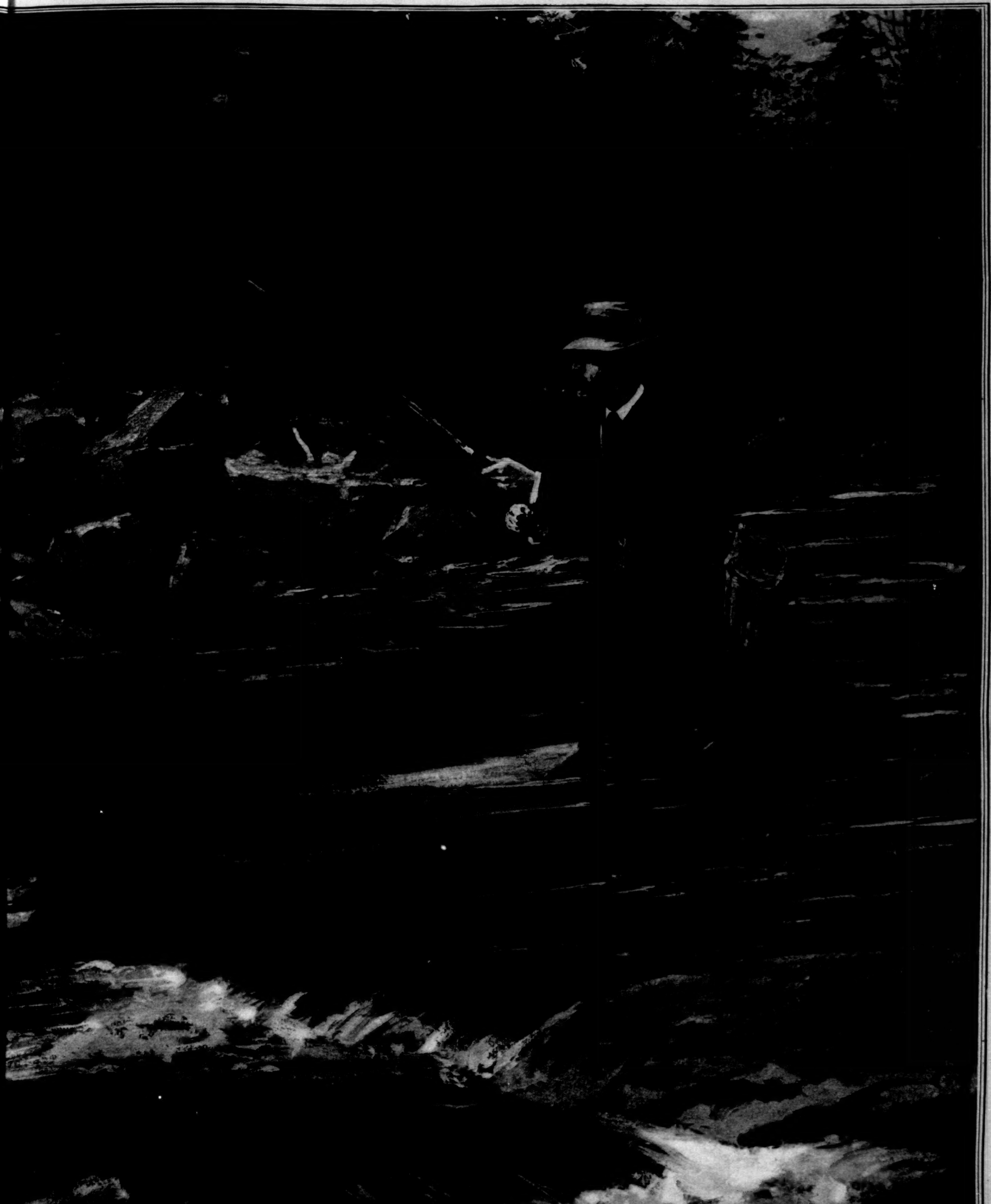
TRADE E&W MARK
EARL & WILSON'S LINEN COLLARS & CUFFS BEST IN THE WORLD

IF IN HASTE TAKE THE NEW YORK CENTRAL.



SUPPLEMENT TO *HARPER'S WEEKLY*, NO. 2206, APRIL 1, 1899.

TROUT-FISHING—“WELL HO



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HOOKED!"—Drawn by A. B. Frost.